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The Mercury.

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Established June, 1788, and is now in its one hundred and thirty-third year. It is the oldest newspaper in the United States, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, state, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable family and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other states, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Local Matters.

NEWPORT TO HAVE A FORUM

Within the next few weeks a start will be made upon a series of public forum meetings on each Friday night under the auspices of the Newport Machinists' Union.

The last meeting of the Union voted to conduct this forum and a committee composed of Joseph Cassiere, John Gans, Edward R. Robinson, Charles G. Monzel and John Dring was appointed to make the arrangements. The committee hopes to engage as the first speaker L. P. Lochner of New York, President of the People's Council, to speak on the Mexican situation. An effort is also to be made to have Glenn E. Plumb to speak on the "Plumb plan," and Arthur Henderson, a member of the British Parliament, discuss British trade unionism. The meetings will be held in Machinist Hall, Weaver Building.

Brown University opened its 156th year Wednesday morning with a record-breaking attendance. All dormitory rooms have been rented for several weeks. Applications for admittance to the Freshman class have exceeded 400, and it is expected that enough of these men will be accepted to surpass the previous largest entering class, which numbered 256. Nearly every upper classman is coming back to college for their degrees. To these men Brown is awarding academic credit for their work in army and navy.

A STORMY TRIP

Burning boxes, barrels and other loose wood for fuel, the Port Smith, a United States Shipping Board craft, put in to Newport Monday after a stormy trip from Havre, France. The vessel ran short of coal and water and also required some provisions.

The boat is leased to the McGee Company of Philadelphia, and was returning to Philadelphia light. She anchored off Brenton Reef lightship and was picked up by Pilot Thomas Macdonald, who brought her into port.

JEWISH NEW YEAR

The Jewish New Year began Wednesday night and lasted till last night. It was duly observed in this city by prayer and services fitting the occasion. The year 5680 is figured by the Jews according to records found in their Bible, and dates from the creation of the world. It falls in this season of the year in what is known as the Month of Tishri, which is calculated according to the movements of the moon.

Foster, the Mercury weather man, was evidently writing for some other section of the country when he said "large sections of the country during August and September were short on moisture." Rhode Island, as well as all New England, has been deluged most of the time for the past two months.

The proposed new building law, which has been printed this week at the Mercury Office is now ready for delivery. It contains many drastic features and if adopted will work a big change in all building construction in the future.

Mrs. Mary F. Hughes has announced the engagement of her daughter, Miss Mary B. Hughes, to Mr. J. Everett Glann, son of Mr. and Mrs. James J. Glann of Cortland, N. Y. Mr. Glann is a graduate of Amherst College, 1917, and is associated with his father and brother in the manufacturing business in Cortland.

Mr. George W. Callahan, Jr., left Sunday evening for Lehigh University, where he will study engineering.

Tuesday evening box 42 sounded on the Training Station alarm for a blaze about opposite the entrance to the Coasters Harbor Island fire station. The fire was underneath the service building alongside Barracks C. The blaze was extinguished without any great damage. People attending an entertainment in the Armory at the time knew nothing of the fire on the island.

Rev. Charles P. Christopher, pastor of the Second Baptist Church, has arranged to preach a series of sermons, twenty in all, on "The Sermon on the Mount in Newport Society." He will begin these sermons in October and will preach one in the morning and one in the evening for ten Sundays.

The following officers were re-elected at the annual meeting of St. George's School: President, Rt. Rev. James DeWolf Perry, D. D., LL. D.; Secretary and Treasurer, Edward Sturtevant; Members of the Executive Committee, George Gordon King, Stephen P. Cabot, head master of the School, and Edward Sturtevant.

Mr. Harry Vlahakis, business secretary for former Russian Ambassador George Bakmeteff, who has been spending the summer in Newport returned to Washington on Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter S. Andrews have bought Lieut. Commander and Mrs. John Borland's house, "The Kedge," and will make it their future home.

OCTOBER COURT

The Superior Court docket for Newport County for the October term opens a week from Monday and will prove of interest to Newporters, especially the divorce petitions, as there are thirty-eight petitions.

Mr. and Mrs. Richard W. Corbin have purchased the W. Barkie Henry cottage on Old Beach Road, and will become permanent residents in this city.

Mr. Perry B. Dawley and wife will entertain the Grand Master of Odd Fellows and board of Grand Officers at their home, 75 Pelham street, on Tuesday evening next previous to the visitation to Excelsior Lodge.

Last Sunday afternoon in Providence, at the Convention of the Friends of Irish Freedom, Cornelius C. Moore of this city was elected State President of the Rhode Island branch.

An alarm from box 82 at the Torpedo Station Monday afternoon was caused by a small fire in a boat opposite the machine shop. The blaze was shortly extinguished.

Mr. Henry E. Streeter, watchman at the Old Colony Repair Shops, underwent an operation at the Newport Hospital Monday morning.

Miss Louisa M. Frasch of this city, accompanied by Mrs. Louise Anderson of Boston, is enjoying a vacation at the White Mountains.

Miss Annabelle King, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Frank P. King, has returned from an extended visit to Wolfboro, N. H., and Lynn, Mass.

Richard Quick, son of Rev. Dr. George W. Quick formerly pastor of the Central Baptist church in this city, was drowned at a summer camp at Harrisville, S. C., a few weeks ago.

Mr. Robert W. Thompson, who has been spending the summer with his daughter, Mrs. Lawrence H. Godbold, has returned to his home in Brooklyn.

Miss Charlotte Latrobe Poll and Mr. Charles L. P. Richardson of Washington were married in Trinity Church Tuesday afternoon, Rev. Stanley C. Hughes officiating.

Adjutant Gunn, of the Salvation Army, and family have returned from Syracuse, N. Y., where they attended the funeral of Mrs. Gunn's father.

Mr. Arthur M. R. Hughes son of Rev. and Mrs. Stanley C. Hughes, has entered the Salisbury School in Connecticut.

Mr. and Mrs. Peter King are enjoying a ten days' motor trip through the Mountains.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles M. Bull have been spending a few days in New York.

GREASON-BROWN

The marriage of Miss Pauline Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Alvin Brown, and Mr. Arthur Leroy Greason, formerly of this city, but now of Boston, took place at Brookfield Farm in Middletown last Saturday at 6 o'clock. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. William Safford Jones, was witnessed by about 300 guests and took place in a large marquee tent erected on the lawn. The interior was made very attractive by tall palms and cut flowers. The bride wore a gown of cream brocade crepe de meteor with iridescent trimmings and a long veil. Her bouquet was of white roses and lilies of the valley, shower effect. She was given away by her father, Mr. Arthur Greason, brother of the groom, and the ushers were Messrs. Lawrence E. Brown, brother of the bride, Mr. Harold S. Greason, brother of the groom, Mr. George F. Stubbs of New York, brother-in-law of the groom, and Lieut. Charles E. Hubbard of Newport. The bride received many beautiful gifts, which were shown at the reception. Guests were present from Florida, New York, St. Louis, Boston, Providence, Fall River, Newport, Middletown and Portsmouth. Hodgson's orchestra played for the wedding and reception. Mr. and Mrs. Greason left by automobile at 1 o'clock for a short wedding trip.

BARKER-CLARKE

St. George's Church was the scene of a pretty wedding Wednesday evening when Miss Martha L. Barker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William L. Barker, was married to Mr. Harold A. Clarke son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Elmer Clarke, Rev. J. Howard Deming, rector of the church, officiating.

The bride, who was given away by her father, was attired in a gown of white satin and wore the customary bridal veil, caught up with orange blossoms and lily of the valley. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses. Misses Annie Oman and Emeline Braman wore dresses of George C. Leroy Grinnell presided at the organ and played the Wedding marches.

The chancel and altar were prettily decorated with vases of carnations and potted palms added to the attractiveness of the church.

Mr. Junius Barker, brother of the bride, performed the duties of best man and the ushers were Messrs. Chester Staats and Walter Curry.

A reception followed in the Guild Hall, where relatives and friends gathered to offer their congratulations for the future happiness of the bridal couple. Refreshments were served during the evening.

Mr. Clarke was a sergeant major during the war, being a member of the non-commissioned staff of General Pershing. He was only recently discharged from the service.

ALLAN-STAATS

Miss Sarah Stanton Allan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Allan of Dartmouth street, was married to Mr. Howard E. Staats at the home of the bride Wednesday evening, Rev. Robert R. White of the First Presbyterian Church officiating. The marriage took place under a pretty bower of golden rod, black-eyed Susan daisies and palms. Miss Bertha Ray Allan, sister of the bride, was the bridesmaid and Mr. Edmund King performed the duties of best man.

The bride wore a travelling suit of blue and a brown picture hat. She carried a shower bouquet of white roses. The bridesmaid's dress was of brown silk and Georgette and she wore a black picture hat. Her bouquet was of pink roses. A reception was held, which was attended by relatives of the young couple and a few friends. The presents, which were numerous and beautiful, were shown to the guests present.

Mr. and Mrs. Staats left by train on a two weeks' honeymoon and will visit Niagara Falls. On their return they will reside on Channing street.

CAVANAGH-BALDWIN

Miss Kathleen Maria Cavanagh and Mr. Dean Allison Baldwin of North Caldwell, N. J., were married at St. John's Church Tuesday afternoon. The bride was given away by Mr. Robert S. Burlingame, the ceremony being performed by Rev. Charlton S.

Turquand, acting rector. The bride wore a dress of white organdie and carried a bouquet of white roses. She was attended by her cousin, Miss Ruth Marie Emerson of New York, who wore a dress of orchid organdie with hat to match. Her bouquet was of orchid colored dahlias. Mr. Price Gould Baldwin of North Caldwell, brother of the groom, was the best man.

A wedding luncheon followed the ceremony at the La Forge Cottage and later a reception was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Burlingame on Everett street.

Mr. and Mrs. Baldwin left by train later in the day on their wedding trip to Buffalo and Cleveland. They will make their future home at North Caldwell.

At the Horticultural Society meeting held in Music Hall on Tuesday evening a certificate of merit was awarded Samuel Speers, gardener for Dr. William S. Greene for a seedling peach and he also received a gratuity for a display of peaches. Mr. Fred P. Webber received a first class certificate for a colarrette "Magnetic" and for a Duplex Dahlia "Rosa." He also received a certificate of merit for colarettes "Corporal Edward Drury" and "Edin," and a gratuity for a whole collection.

James M. Smith, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, I. O. O. F., with suite, also Grand Representative Wm. H. Lowe and Grand Representative Donald E. Speers will make an official visitation to Excelsior Lodge No. 49 on Tuesday evening, September 30. Grand Representative Speers will give his report of the session of the Sovereign Grand Lodge session in Baltimore on September 15-20.

Esther Lodge No. 5, I. O. O. F. will make a fraternal visit to Reba Lodge No. 12, I. O. O. F., of Bristol, R. I., on Thursday evening, October 2nd, leaving here at 5:50 p. m. by the Newport & Providence Street R. R., leaving Bristol by chartered boat and cars at 10:45 p. m. A large number is expecting to go, as the Bristol Lodge are to have their annual harvest.

Mr. David Braman has sold his home on Farewell street and he and Mrs. Braman will shortly remove to Philadelphia, where they will make their future home. They have for a number of years spent the winter there, and it is thought Mr. Braman's health will be better if he is located there the year round.

The polo fields are the scenes of daily flights by the different airplanes and many Newporters are availing themselves of the opportunity to fly in the air. Some have found more enjoyment than others, but it is a novelty to all.

Rev. Charles W. Forster spoke at the afternoon conference Wednesday in Trinity Parish House, in the interest of a nation-wide campaign of the Protestant Episcopal church. Rev. John D. La Mothe of Baltimore and Mr. E. C. Buruz of New York were expected to speak, but failed to arrive until 5 o'clock. In the evening both Mr. Buruz and Mr. La Mothe spoke and were listened to by a most appreciative audience.

The U. S. Housing Corporation is going to sell out all the houses it has built in the lower part of the city. There is quite a colony there to throw on the market. There have been built twenty-four double houses and there are left quite a number of vacant lots.

Mr. Harry Payne Whitney went to New York on his steam yacht Whileaway to meet his brother-in-law, Count Szechenyi, who is coming to Newport to join his wife, Countess Szechenyi, who is visiting her mother, Mrs. Vanderbilt, at the Breakers.

Commodore and Mrs. John H. Hanan have closed their summer house at Newport and gone to New York. They will sail for Paris October 2 on steamer Mauretania, for the benefit of Mrs. Hanan's health.

Among the late stayers in the cottage colony will be found Mrs. Ogden Goelot, Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., and Mr. and Mrs. Vincent Astor.

Rear Admiral and Mrs. Cameron McRae Winslow and family have gone to Boston to reside for the winter.

Read the advertisement in another part of this paper of "A Notable Sale at Auction." There is a large amount of the most valuable stock and farming utensils for sale. It will be well worth attending.

BOARD OF ALDERMEN

The board of aldermen had a lengthy meeting Thursday night and transacted considerable business. The committee to whom was referred the matter recommended the appropriation of \$17,500 to complete the Marchant street sewer. The contract for printing the voting lists was awarded the Mercury Publishing Co., and the printing of the City ballots to the Milne Printery. It was voted to accept the offer of the U. S. Housing Corporation to pay a certain sum to the city in lieu of taxes. The regular monthly pay roll was approved and the bills ordered paid. Various other matters were discussed, but no action was taken.

ANN STREET PIER

A hearing on the condition of the Ann street pier was held in the aldermanic chamber of the City Hall on Thursday morning by the local Naval Board for the Return of Leased Property, consisting of Lieutenants E. C. Siebert, senior officer; C. F. Fritz, and J. J. Staley. There was considerable discussion by members present and interested in the situation of the pier and there was a wide difference of opinion between the government and city as to the former's responsibility.

The city holds that the government should put the pier in proper condition for its pre-war use as a recreation center and the naval authorities claim that the pier is in fit condition for boats to be moored there and they also claim that the piles of the pier are rotted to the extent that they need attention from the city.

The navy took the pier for the use of the patrol boats at the outbreak of the war without the city's consent, and the city refused to accept it back when the armistice was signed. The report of yesterday's meeting will go to the commandant of the naval district through the senior officer here.

MIDDLETOWN

(From our Regular Correspondent)

Court of Probate. At the session of the Court of Probate held at the Town Hall on Monday, September 17, the following estates were passed upon:

Estate of Clarke T. Barker. An inventory was presented by Fannie R. Barker, administratrix; allowed and recorded.

Petition of Fannie R. Barker for an allowance for six months' support was referred to the third Monday of October and notice ordered thereon.

Petition of Fannie R. Barker, widow, for an allowance of household goods, was granted.

Petition of administratrix to sell property at private sale was granted.

Estate of Laura G. Chase. An inventory was presented by Arthur W. Chase, the Administrator, allowed and ordered recorded.

Estate of Arnold B. Smith. The petition of Ellen E. Smith, Executrix, for authority to sell property at private sale, was granted.

Estate of Theodore Sherman. An account therewith, showing transactions of Henry C. Sherman, the former guardian, now deceased, was referred to the third Monday of October with an order of notice.

In Town Council. A petition was received from Harry Sperling of Newport for a license to collect junk. This petition was granted.

Jesse I. Durfee was appointed an auctioneer.

A resolution was passed, submitting to the State Board of Public Roads for its approval, the following highways, which have been adopted by the plan of the State highway system, but not constructed: Turner Road, a part of Honeyman Hill Road, North and South Aquidneck Avenue.

A portion of North Aquidneck Avenue has never been laid out, nor all of the necessary land acquired.

The Public School Committee was authorized to build a close board fence on the westerly and northerly boundary lines of the lot of land whereon the Berkeley schoolhouse is located.

Robert W. Smith was appointed a committee to procure and set up danger signs in those highways which run by the several schoolhouses, to warn the operators of motor vehicles of the need of moderate and careful driving, when approaching school grounds.

Accounts were allowed and ordered paid from the town treasury as follows:

For Highway Work: The Barrett Company of Boston, for 1300 gallons of tarvia, \$169.00; Robert W. Smith, work by men and teams, \$86.20; Joseph A. Peckham, work in District No. 4, \$115.75; Howard C. Peckham, labor and material in repairing bridges and railings, \$353.17; Peckham & Sons, 300 gallons of tarvia, \$54.00; repairs in District No. 2, \$49.64; repairs in District No. 3, \$192.33; repairs in District No. 4, \$69.28; total for highways, \$995.37; Other accounts were presented and allowed as follows: Arthur C. Brigham, services as janitor, \$4.00; Chas. Peckham, preparing three deeds of burial lots, \$7.50; purchasing, cutting and setting bound stones, \$12.50; William L. Brown, services as Moderator, \$12.00; Mary E. Manchester, clerical assistance in office of town Clerk for four weeks, \$32.00; Thomas Groom & Co., enrollment book, \$3.50; Chase & Chase, one Land Evidence book with indexes, \$38.50; Bay State Street Railway Co., electric light at Town Hall, \$2.00; Accounts for the relief of the poor, \$14.00; Total for all purposes, \$1,121.37.

Death of Sarah C. Coggeshall. Sarah C. Coggeshall, the widow of David Coggeshall, who died on Wednesday morning of last week, was the oldest resident of Middletown, and was literally the last of her generation. Her sister, Mrs. Julia M. Bailey, some years the junior of Mrs. Coggeshall, died in March, 1918; her brother, William Bailey, in October, 1908; and her husband in July, 1905. All the contemporaries of her early life with whom she lived and associated, had crossed the river before her, and she was nearing the end of her ninety-fourth year. The daughter of George I. Bailey and Mary S. Bailey, she had been early trained in the diligent performance of the duties of a farmer's household, which are distinctive and particularly arduous. This training enabled her to conduct the affairs of her own home after becoming the wife of David Coggeshall in March, 1851, in a creditable and efficient manner. Her husband was for fifty years one of the most extensive and prosperous farmers on Rhode Island. As a money lender and financier, he was an important factor in fostering and promoting the business not only of the Island farmers, but of the Newport merchants, many of whom now miss his financial support. Both on the farm and in his business relations, he was ably seconded by the faithful labors and co-operation of his wife, until further assistance was prevented by the intrusion of dread disease. Mrs. Coggeshall was trained in the old school and exemplified her training by looking well to the ways of her household and by an undivided devotion to the welfare of her husband and children.

Mr. George Herbert Patterson has returned to New York after spending a week at his farm on Aquidneck Avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Sisson have gone on an automobile trip to Montreal, passing through Keene and the Bretton Woods.

Mr. Robert Buchanan has leased the house of Mr. Charles H. Parker on Bliss Mine Road for one year.

Rev. I. Harding Hughes conducted the services at Berkeley Memorial Chapel on Sunday, after a two weeks' absence which he spent in the White Mountains. A letter asking for a contribution for the State Board of Missions was read and a special offering will be taken next Sunday, Holy Communion was celebrated, as it was St. Matthew's day, and the usual evening services were held in the Parish House.

The Sunday School, which has been closed for the summer, will resume its meetings on Sunday, and it is expected to have a full attendance. St. Columba's Guild will also resume its weekly meetings after a month's vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Kline have had as guests Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wilson of New York.

Miss Dorothy Thurston, a pupil of the Oliphant School, won the prize in the spelling contest which was held at the Newport County Fair for children of this County on Friday night.

The annual meeting of the Women's Home Missionary Society, which was to have been held at the home of Miss Mary Irish on Tuesday afternoon, was postponed owing to the rain. The members have been invited to attend a meeting to be held September 29 in the Mathewson street church, Providence. Among the speakers will be the National President, Mrs. W. P. Thickfield, National Corresponding Secretary Mrs. M. L. Woodruff, National Field Secretary Mrs. D. M. Bulkeley and others.

Arrangements are being made to establish a public health nursing in the towns of this island and Little Compton, Adamsville and Tiverton, to be under the Newport Chapter, Red Cross, acting under the Boston division of the New England Chapters. Rev. Everett P. Smith will be one of the directors for Middletown. The town council will be appealed to for financial aid to those who are unable to pay the 50 cent fee which will be charged for visits.

Mr. W. Harold Peckham, who has been spending the summer with his mother, Mrs. W. Clarence Peckham, has returned to the Massachusetts Agricultural College for his senior year.

Interesting plans have been made for the programs for the winter schedules of both the Paradise and the Oliphant Reading Clubs. The first meeting after the summer vacation of the Oliphant Reading Club will be held October 3.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward A. Brown have had as guests at their home, Brookfield Farm, Miss Fannie Brown of Wickford, R. I., Mr. and Mrs. Thomas White and family of Adamsville, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Brown of New York, and Mr. and Mrs. Burgess, all of whom were present at the wedding of Mr. and Mrs. Brown's daughter.

The Devil's Own

A Romance of the Black Hawk War

By Randall Parrish

Author of "Contraband," "Shells of the Irish Brigade," "When Wilderness was King," etc.

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Illustrated by Lewis Myers

CHAPTER IX.

The Trail of the Raiders.

Shocked and unmanned as I was at this discovery, to pause there staring at those gruesome figures would have brought fresh alarm to the two watching my every movement from the edge of the clearing. Gripping my nerves, I advanced over the first body, watching for any sign of the presence of life within the cabin. There was none—the work of the murder had been completed, and the perpetrators had fled. The dead man, with ghastly countenance upturned to the roof rafters, and the snowy beard, was undoubtedly the negro helper, Amos Shunk. Pete's description of the appearance of the man left this identification beyond all dispute. He had been stricken down by a savage blow, which had literally crushed in one side of his head, but his dead hands yet gripped a rifle, as though he had fallen fighting to the last.

The other man, the one lying across the threshold, had been shot, although I did not ascertain this fact until after I turned the body over sufficiently to reveal the face. This was disfigured by the wound and covered with blood, so that the features could scarcely be seen, yet I instantly recognized the fellow—Carver. Surprised out of all control by this unexpected discovery, I steadied myself against the log wall, fully aroused to the sinister meaning of his presence. To a degree the complete significance of this tragedy instantly gripped my mind. If this fellow Carver had been one of the assassins then it was absolutely certain that Kirby must also have been present—the leader of the attack. This inevitably meant that both men had been aboard the steamer, and later were put ashore at the mouth of the Illinois. And, now that I thought about it, why not? It was no accident, and I wondered that the possibility had never occurred to me before. The gambler naturally knew all the gossip of the river, and beyond question he would be aware of the reported existence of this underground station for runaway slaves. It was common talk as far down as St. Louis, and his mind would instantly revert to the possibility that the fleeing Rene might seek escape through the assistance of Shunk. The mysterious vanishing of the boat would serve to increase that suspicion. Even if this had not occurred to him at first, the steamer would have brought news that no keelboat had been seen on the lower river, while the captain of the John B. Glover, or someone else on board, would have been sure to have mentioned the negro helper and suggest that he might have had a hand in the affair. To follow that trail was, indeed, the most natural thing for Kirby to do. He had not overtaken Rene because she was not yet there, but he had unexpectedly come upon the other fugitives, and, even though the encounter had cost the life of his henchman, Carver, it also resulted in the death of two men who had come between him and his prey—the negro and the abolitionist. The scene cleared in my brain and became vivid and real. I could almost picture in detail each act of the grim tragedy. The two revengeful trackers—if there were only two engaged, for others might have been recruited on the steamer—must have crept up to the hut in the night or early morning. Possibly Kirby had learned of some other means of approach from the big river. Anyway the fact that Shunk had been trapped within the cabin would indicate the final attack was a surprise. The negro might have been asleep outside and met his death in an attempt at escape, but the old white man, finding flight impossible, had fought desperately to the last and had killed one antagonist before receiving his death blow. This was all plain enough, but what had become of Kirby, of the two women—Eloise and the quadroon mother?

Uncertain what to do or how to get, I could only turn to the waiting girl and the negro to tell them what I had found. They listened as though scarcely comprehending, Sam uttering little moans of horror, and appearing helpless from fright, but Rene quiet, merely exhibiting her emotion in the whiteness of her face and quickened breathing. Her eyes, wide open, questioning, seemed to sense my uncertainty. As I ended the tale and concluded with my theory as to what had occurred following the deed of blood, her quick mind asserted itself.

"But this must have happened very lately; the fire still smoldered, you said. When do you think that steamer could have landed here?"

"Why, perhaps early last evening."

"And it has not occurred to you that the boat might have waited while the man Kirby went ashore?"

"No; that could scarcely be true, if the steamer was transporting troops; what was it you were thinking about?"

"It is all dark, of course," she said slowly, "we can only guess at what happened. But to me it seems impossible that the man Kirby could have accomplished this alone—without assistance. The boat we saw at the landing was not his; it must have been Pete's, and there is no evidence of any other trail leading here from the river. If, as you imagine, he knew the captain of that steamer, and some of the other men aboard were Missourians and defenders of slavery, he would have no trouble in enlisting

their help to recover his runaway slaves. They would be only too glad to break up an abolitionist's nest. That is what I believe has happened; they came ashore in a party, and the steamer waited for them."

"And you think the prisoners were taken along? Yet Kirby would not want to transport them up the river."

"As to that," she insisted, "he could not help himself. He needed to get away quickly, and there were no other means available. He could only hope to connect later with some craft south-bound on which to return."

"You may be right," I admitted, impressed, yet not wholly convinced. "But what can we do?"

She looked at me reproachfully. "You should not ask that of a girl." The words stung me.

"No; this is my task. I was thoughtlessly cruel. Neither can we remain here, only long enough to bury those bodies. It would be inhuman not to do that. Sam, there is an old spade leaning against the cabin wall—go over and get it."

He started on his mission reluctantly enough, glancing constantly backward over his shoulder to insure himself of our presence and carefully avoiding any approach to the open door.

Unpleasant as our task was it proved to be less difficult of accomplishment than I had anticipated. There were blankets in the cabin bunks, and in these I wrapped the bodies. They were too heavy, however, for me to transport alone, and it required some threatening to induce Sam to give me the assistance necessary to deposit them in the shallow grave. Only the fear that I would not have him with us longer compelled his joining me. He was more frightened at the thought of being left alone than of contact with the dead. Sam filled in the loose earth, rounding it into form, and the two of us stood above the fresh mound, our bent heads bared to the sunlight, while I endeavored to repeat brokenly a few words of prayer. Now our first necessity was food. Of this I found a fair supply, and compelling Sam to assist me, we hastily prepared a warm meal over the open fire. It was eaten without, no one of us desiring to remain in the midst of that scene of death; and the very knowledge that the dread burial was completed and that we were now free to depart brought to all of us a renewed courage.

It scarcely seemed probable that one man alone, or even two men, had committed this crime, and the sole survivor disappear so completely with the prisoners. I had turned each detail over and over in my thought, while I worked, yet to but little purpose. The only present solution of the problem seemed to be our return to that hidden basin where our boat lay, and then remaining there in concealment until the darkness of another night rendered it safe to once more venture the river.

I spoke of this to her, as I finally approached where she rested on the stump, eager and glad to escape from all memories of that somber cabin I had just left.

"You—you are no longer so confident," she said; "your plan has failed?"

"I am afraid it has," I admitted, "for it was based altogether on the assistance of Amos Shunk. He is no longer alive, and I do not know where to turn for guidance. There would seem to be danger in every direction; the only question is—in which way lies the least?"

"You begin to regret your attempt to aid me?"

"No," impulsively. "So far as that goes I would do it all over again. Your safety means more to me now than ever before—you must believe that."

"Why should I? All I have brought you is trouble. I can read in your face how discouraged you are. You must not think I do not understand. I do understand—perfectly. What you have done has been only a response to impulse; merely undertaken through a spirit of adventure. Then—then why not let it end here, and—Sam and I can go on to whatever is before us? It is nothing to you."

"You actually believe I would consent to that?" I asked in startled surprise at the vehemence of her words. "That I could prove such a cur?"

"But why not? It would not be a cowardly act at all. I could not blame you, for I have no claim on your service—never have had. You have done a thousand times too much already; you have risked honor, reputation, and neglected duty to aid my escape; and—am I anything to you—can be nothing."

"Nothing to me?"

"Certainly not. Why speak like that? Have you forgotten again that

I am a slave—a negress? Think, Lieutenant Knox, what it would mean to you to be caught in my company; to be overtaken while attempting to assist me in escaping from my master. Now no one dreams of such a thing, and no one ever need dream. You have had your adventure; let it end here. I shall be grateful to you always, but—I cannot bear to drag you deeper into this mire."

"You order me to leave you?"

"I cannot order; I am a slave. My only privilege is to request, urge, implore. I can merely insist that it will be best—best for us both—for you to go. Surely you also must realize that this is true?"

"You have been brooding over all this," I said gently, "sitting here alone,



"Certainly Not. Why Speak Like That? Have You Forgotten Again That I am a Slave—a Negress?"

and thinking while we worked. I am not going to answer you now. There is no need. Nothing can be done until night, whatever we decide upon. You will go back with us to the boat?"

"Yes; I simply cannot stay here—"

her eyes wandering toward the cabin.

I took the lead on the return, finding the path easy enough to follow in the full light of day. The sincere honesty of her plea—the knowledge that she actually meant it—only served to draw me closer, to strengthen my determination not to desert. Her face was ever before me as I advanced—a bravely pathetic face, wonderfully womanly in its girlish contour—appealing to every impulse of my manhood. I admitted the truth of what she said—it had been largely love of adventure, the rash recklessness of youth, which had brought me here. But this was my inspiration no longer. I had begun to realize that something deeper, more worthy, now held me to the task. What this was I made no attempt to analyze—possibly I did not dare—but, nevertheless, the mere conception of deserting her in the midst of this wilderness was too utterly repugnant for expression. No, not that; whatever happened it would never be that.

The last few rods of our journey lay through thick underbrush, and beneath the spreading branches of interlacing trees. Suddenly I emerged upon the bank of the creek, with the rude log wharf directly before me. I stopped transfixed, staring at the water—nothing else greeted my eyes; both the boats were gone.

This unexpected discovery came to me like a blow; the very breath seemed to desert my lungs, as I stared down at the vacant stream. We had been outgeneraled, tricked, and all our theories as to what had occurred were wrong. The duty we had performed to the dead had cost us our own chance to escape. Instead of being alone, as we had supposed, we were in the midst of enemies; we had been seen, watched, and while we loitered ashore the murderers had stolen our boat and vanished, leaving us there helplessly marooned. All this was plain enough now, when it was already too late to remedy the evil. The struggling girl emerged through the tangle of shrubs and paused suddenly at my side, her lips giving utterance to a cry of surprise.

"The—the boat! It is not here!"

"No; there is not a sign of it. Those fellows must be still in the neighborhood; must have seen us when we first came."

"But what are we to do?"

I had no ready answer, yet the echo of utter despair in her voice stirred me to my own duty as swiftly as though she had thrust a knife into my side. Do? We must do something! We could not sit down idly there in the swamp. And to decide what was to be attempted was my part. If Kirby and whoever was with him had stolen the missing boat, as undoubtedly they had, they could have possessed but one purpose—escape. They were inspired to the act by a desire to get away, to flee from the scene of their crime. They must believe that we were left helpless, unable to pursue them or create alarm. Yet if it was Kirby who had led to this, he was making no effort to take Rene captive also? It was she he was seeking; for the purpose of gaining possession of her these murders had been committed. Why, then, should he run away when he must have known the girl was already in his grasp? The same thought apparently occurred to her.

"You—you believe that Kirby did this?"

"What other conclusion is possible? We know that he passed us on the steamer—Sam saw him plainly. It was his man, Carver, whom we found dead in the hut. It could have been no one else."

"But," she questioned, unsatisfied, "he would have only one reason for being here—hunting me, his slave. That was his one purpose, was it not? If he saw us then he must have known of my presence, that I was here with you. Why should he make no attempt to take me with him? Why should he steal our boat and run away?"

"One theory is as good as another," I said, "and mine so far have all been wrong. What do you make of it, Sam?"

"Who, sah? Me, sah?"

"Yes, take a guess at this."

"Pears like," he said, deliberately, rubbing his ear with one hand, "as how it might have happened this yere way, sah. Ah ain't a-sayin' it was—"

It might be. Maybe Massa Kirby neber got no sight ob us 'tall, an' was afeerd fer ter stay. He just knowed a party was yere—likely 'nough Sam Black Abolitionists, who'd be huntin' him if he didn't clear out, just so soon as dey found dat Amos Shunk was dead. Here was his chance, an' he done took it."

He bent suddenly forward, his glance at the edge of the log. "Dey ain't took but just de one boat, sah, fer de odder am shored under dar out'r sight."

As I stooped further over I saw that this was true, the small rowboat, with the oars undisturbed in its bottom, had been pressed in beneath the concealment of the log wharf, almost completely hidden from above, yet to all appearances uninjured. The very fact that it should have been thus left only added to the mystery of the affair. If it had been Kirby's deliberate purpose to leave us there stranded ashore why had he failed to crush in the boat's planking with a rock? Could the leaving of the craft in its condition for our use be part of some carefully conceived plan; a bait to draw us into some set trap? Or did it occur merely as an incident of their hurried flight? These were unanswerable questions, yet the more knowledge that the boat was actually there and in navigable condition promised us an opportunity to escape. While hope remained, however vague, it was not my nature to despair. Whether accident or design had been the cause made no odds—I was willing to match my wits against Kirby and endeavor to win. And I must deal with facts just as they were.

"It is my guess," I said, "that their only thought was to get away before the crime was discovered. Rene, would you be afraid to remain here alone for a little while?"

She glanced about into the gloom of the surrounding woods, her hesitancy answering me.

"It is not a pleasant prospect I admit, but there is no possible danger. Kirby has gone, beyond all question, but I wish to learn if I can the direction he has taken. All this must have happened only a short time ago—while we were at the cabin. The keelboat can scarcely be entirely out of sight yet on either river if we could only find a place to offer us a wide view."

"But could I not go with you?"

"Hardly with me, for I intend to swim the creek and try to reach the point at the mouth of the Illinois, from where I can see up and down the Mississippi. I am going to send Sam back through the woods there and have him climb that ridge. From the top he ought to have a good view up the valley of the Illinois. I suppose you might go with him."

"Ah, sure wish yer wud, missus," broke in the negro pleadingly. "Ah ain't perzeckly ferred fer ter go lone, but Ah's an ol' man an' Ah reckon as how a young gal was likely fer ter see mor'n Ah wud. Pears like Ah's done los' my glasses."

A faint smile lighted up her face—a mere glimmer of a smile.

"Yes, Sam, I'll go," she said, glancing up into my eyes and holding out her hand. "You wish me to, do you not?"

"I think it will be fully as well. You still retain the pistol?"

She nodded her response, and without delaying my departure longer I lowered myself into the water and swam toward the opposite shore, creeping forth amid a tangle of roots and immediately disappearing in the underbrush. I found a rough passage for the first few rods, being obliged to almost fear a way through the close growth and unable to see a yard in advance. But this ended suddenly at the edge of the sand flat, with the converging waters of the two rivers visible just beyond. My view from here was narrowed, however, by high ridges on both sides, and with a desire not to expose myself to any chance eye, I followed the line of forest until able to climb the slope, and thus attain the crest of the bluff.

From this vantage point the view was extensive, both up and down the big river, as well as across to the opposite bank. Along that entire surface but three objects met my gaze—a small island, green with trees, seemingly anchored just beyond the mouth of the Illinois; a lumbering barge almost opposite me, clearly outlined against the distant shore, and barely moving with the current; and far away below a thin smudge of smoke, arising from behind a headland, as though curling upward from the stack of some steamer. I felt no doubt but what this was the stolen keelboat, speeding toward St. Louis.

This struck me as the most reasonable course to pursue—to work our way quietly up the Illinois by night, keeping close in shore to avoid any passing steamer, until we arrived close to Beardstown. Undoubtedly there were blacks in the town, both slaves and free negroes, with whom Sam could easily establish an acquaintance. By this means we would soon be able to identify that particular preacher into whose care I hoped to confide Rene. Of course the girl might refuse to enter into the game, might decline to assume the role assigned her, however innocent I intended it to be. Indeed, I felt convinced she would meet the suggestion with indignation. But why worry about that now? Let this be kept as a last resort. There was no necessity for me to even mention this part of my plan until after our approach to Beardstown; then the necessity of our going forward with it might be so apparent she could not refuse to carry on her part. With this point settled in my own mind I felt ready to rejoin the others.

I must have been absent in the neighborhood of two hours, and they had returned to the bank of the creek some time in advance of me. As I appeared at the edge of the wood Sam halted, offering to row the boat across.

"All right," I replied, confident we were alone. "It will save me another wetting. You saw nothing?"

"No, sah; leastways not much. We cud see up de Illinois mor'n ten mile, Ah reckon, but dar wa'n't no boat no-whar, 'ceptin' an ol' scow tied up to de bank."

"I thought so. The keelboat has gone down the Mississippi."

"Yer done saw her, sah?"

"I saw her smoke; she was hidden by a big bend just below. Don't let there staring at me—come across."

Rene greeted me with a smile as I scrambled up on the slippery log, and asked a number of questions. I answered these as best I could and then explained, so far as I deemed it de-



Rene Greeted Me With a Smile.

slable, the general nature of the plans I had made. The Illinois route offered the only hope, and we decided to venture it, although Rene pleaded earnestly that she and the negro be permitted to go on alone. To this suggestion, however, I would not consent, and the girl finally yielded her reluctant permission for me to accompany them until she could be safely left in the care of white friends.

I knew her real thought was elsewhere—with those two in Kirby's hands, already well on their way to St. Louis. Try as she would, she was unable to banish from her mind the conception that she was largely to blame for their misfortune, or submerge the idea that it was cowardly in her to seek escape, while leaving them in such peril. I lingered, talking with her for some time after Sam had fallen asleep, yet the only result was the bringing of tears to her eyes and a reluctantly given pledge that she would do whatever I believed to be best and right. She appeared so tired and worn that I left her, at last in the little glade where we had found refuge, hoping she might fall asleep. I doubt if she did, although I dozed irregularly, my back against a tree, and it was already growing dusk when she came forth again from her retreat and joined us in a hastily prepared meal.

Sam and I stowed away in the boat whatever provender remained, and I assisted her to a seat at the stern, wrapping a blanket carefully about her body, for the night air in those dank shadows already began to chill. I took possession of the oars myself, believing the negro would serve best as a lookout in the bow, and thus settled we headed the boat out through the tangle of trees toward the invisible river.

Suddenly we shot out through the screen of concealing boughs into the broader stream beyond. The light here in the open was better, although dim enough still, and revealing little of our surroundings. Sam knelt, peering eagerly forward into the blackness, an occasional growl of his voice the only evidence of his presence. I doubt if I had taken a dozen strokes, my whole attention centered on my task, when the sudden rocking of the boat told me he had scrambled to his feet. Almost at the same instant my ears distinguished the sharp chugging of an engine straight ahead; then came his shout of alarm, "God Almighty! Dar's de keelboat, sah. Dey's goin' ter ram us!"

I twisted about in my seat, caught a vague glimpse of the advancing shadow, and leaped to my feet, an oar gripped in my hands. Scarcely was I poised to strike when the speeding prow ripped into us, and I was catapulted into the black water.

CHAPTER X.

The Loss of Rene.

There was the echo of an oath, a harsh, cruel laugh, the crash of planking, a strange, half-human cry of fright from the negro—that was all. The sudden violence of the blow must have hurled me high into the air, for I struck the water clear of both boats, and so far out in the stream that when I came again struggling to the surface I was in the full sweep of the current, against which I had to struggle desperately. In the brief second that intervened between Sam's shout of warning and the crash of the two boats I had seen almost nothing—only that black, menacing bulk, looming up between us and the shore, more like a shadow than a reality. Yet now, fighting to keep my head above water and not to be swept away, I was able to realize instantly what had occurred. I had been mistaken; Kirby had not fled down the river; instead he had craftily waited this chance to attack us at a disadvantage. Convinced that we would decide to make use of the rowboat, which he had left unprepared for that very purpose, and that we would venture forth just so soon as the night became dark enough, he had hidden the stolen craft in some covert along shore, to await our coming. Then he sprang on us, as the tiger springs on his prey. He had calculated well, for the blunt prow of the speeding keelboat had struck us squarely, crushing in the sides of our frail craft and flinging me headlong.

What had been the fate of the others I could not for the moment determine. The darkness shadowed everything, the bulk of the keelboat alone appearing in the distance, and that shapelessly outlined. The craft bore no light, and had it not been for a voice speaking I doubt if I could have located even that. The rowboat could not be distinguished—it must have sunk, or else drifted away, a helpless wreck. The first sound my ears caught, echoing across the water, was an oath, and a question: "By—I a good job; do you see that fellow anywhere?"

"Naw," the response a mere growl. "He's a goner, I reckon; never knowed what hit him, jedgin' from the way he upended it."

"Well, then he isn't likely to bother us any more. Suppose he was the white man?"

"Sure he was; it was the nigger who was up ahead. We hit him, an'

he dropped in 'tween their boats, an' went down like a stone. He was yeped but jist onc, when I saw gripped ther girl. I don't reckon as she was hurt at all; leastways I cude alimed fer ter hurt her none."

"Has she said anything?"

"Not a d—d twitter; maybe she fainted. I dunno, but that's ther way females do. What shall I do w' de bird, Kirby?"

"Oh, hold on to her there awhile long as she's quiet. I'm going to by the steam again, and get outside de big river. H—, man, but she hasn't been such a bad night's work."

The steam began to sizz, settling swiftly into a rhythmic chugging, as the revolving wheel began to churn up the water astern. Confident of being safely hidden by the darkness, I permitted the current to bear us downward, my muscles aching fully from the struggle, and with no other thought in my mind except to keep well out of sight of the occupants of the boat. To be perceived by them, and overtaken in the water meant certain death, while if they continued to believe that I had actually sunk beneath the surface, some future carelessness on their part might yield me an unexpected opportunity to serve Rene. The few words overheard had made sufficiently plain the situation. Poor Sam had already found freedom in death, crushed between the two colliding boats, but the girl had been grasped in time and hauled aboard the heavier craft. This had been the object of the attack—to gain possession of her. Very evidently I had not been seen closely enough to be recognized by Kirby. In a measure this afforded me a decided advantage, provided we ever encountered each other again—and I meant they we should. The account between us was not closed by this incident; from it. There in that black water, struggling to keep afloat, while being swept resistlessly out into the river, with no immediate object before me except to remain concealed by the veil of darkness, I resolved solely to myself that this affair should end until it was ended right. In that moment of decision I cared not at all for Rene Beaumais's drop of caps blood, nor for the fact that she was slave in her master's hands. To my mind she was but a woman, a weak, lovable, girlish woman, in the strained power of a brute, and dependent alone on me for rescue. That was enough; I cared for nothing more.

With silent strokes I waited patiently until the steady chugging of the engine grew faint in the distance, and then finally ceased entirely.

Uncertain which way to turn, and conscious of a strange lassitude, I made no struggle to reach land, but permitted myself to be borne downward in the grip of the water. Scarcely something drifted against my body, a black, ill-defined object, lying along on the swell of the wave, and instinctively I grasped at it, recognizing instantly the shell of a wrecked boat. It was all awash, a great hole stove in its side well forward, and so filled with water that added weight of my body would have sunk it instantly. Yet the thing remained buoyant enough to float, and I clung to its stern, thankful even to this slight help.

There was no occasion for fear, although I became aware that the sway of the current was steadily bearing us farther out toward the center of the broad stream, and soon felt convinced that escape from my predicament would be impossible, until after daylight. The struggle to keep afloat was no longer necessary, and my last sank in relief on the hands gripping the boat's stern, while we floated gently on through the black mystery.

Suddenly the wrecked boat began to grate against something immovable, then became fixed, the stern slightly slowly about, until it also caught, and I could feel the full volume of eddying water against my body. The blindly floating boat had drifted upon a snag, seemingly the major portion of a tree, now held by some bit of sand. I struggled vainly in an attempt to release the grip which held us, but the force of the current had securely wedged the boat's bow beneath a limb, a bare leafless branch, making all my efforts useless. I found a submerged branch on which a stand, gripped the boat desperately to prevent being swept away, and waited for the dawn.

It seemed a long while coming, and never did man gaze on a more ghastly scene than was revealed to me by those first gray gleams showing in the far east. All stretched utter desolation; where my eyes turned the vista was the same—a wide stretch of restless water surging and leaping past, bordered by low-lying shores, forlorn and deserted. How far I had almost edged downstream during the night was mere matter of conjecture. I possessed no knowledge of where I was. Each bank of the river appeared equally bare and desolate, entirely void of promise. However, I did the west shore for my expected refuge, the current seemed less strong in that direction, and was about to place me determined to fight a way across when my eyes suddenly detected the faint wreath of smoke curling up the pale sky above a headland in the southward. As I stared at it it became black and distinct, about in the wind. I watched it, clinging to my support, scarcely trusting my eyesight, while that wing deepened into a cloud, slowly wing slowly toward me. There was longer doubt of what it was—undoubtedly some steamer was passing course upstream. Even below my ears could detect the far-off chugging of the engine the boat itself rounded the sharp point of the headland and came forth into full view, heading toward the middle of the river.

It was an unusually large steamer for those days, a lower river type, I guessed, with two funnels painted yellow and a high pilot house mounted by a huge brazen eagle.

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Newport & Providence Street Ry Co.

JUNE 1, 1918

Cars Leave Washington Squar. for Providence

WEEK DAYS—6.50, 7.40, 8.50 A. M., then each hour to 8.50 P. M.
SUNDAYS—7.50 A. M., then each hour to 9.50 P. M.

THE DEVIL'S OWN

Continued from Page 2

first, approaching me, bow on, I could perceive but little of its dimensions, nor gain clear view of the decks, but when it veered slightly these were revealed, and I had a glimpse of a few figures grouped forward, the great wheel astern splashing the water, and between, a long row of windows reflecting the glare of the early sun. Even as I gazed at this vision a flag crept up the slender staff at the bow and reaching the top rippled out in the crisp breeze. A moment later I discerned the lettering across the white front of the pilot house—Adventure of Memphis.

Indifferent at that moment as to where the approaching boat might be bound, or my reception on board; desirous only of immediate escape from my unfortunate predicament, I managed to remove my sudden coat and furiously wave it in the air as a signal. At first there was no response, no evidence that I had even been seen; then slowly, deliberately, the steamer changed its course and came straight up the river, struggling against the full strength of the current. I could see a man step from out the pilot house onto the upper forward deck, lean out over the rail and speak to the others below, pointing toward me across the water. A half-dozen grouped themselves at the bow, ready for action, their figures growing more sharply defined as the struggling craft approached. The man above stood shading his eyes with one hand and gesticulating with the other. Fictitiously the sound of his voice reached me.

"Hey! you out there! If you can swim jump for it. I'm not going to run into that snag."

I measured the distance between us with my eye and leaped as far out as possible, striking out with lusty strokes. The swift current swung me about like a chip, and swept me downward in spite of every struggle. I was squarely abreast of the boat, already caught in her suction, and being drawn straight in toward her wheel, when the looped end of a flying noose struck my shoulder.

"Keep your head, lad!" roared out a hoarse voice. "Hang on now, an' we'll get yer."

It was such a rush, such a breathless, desperate struggle I can scarcely recall the details. All I really remember is that I gripped the rope and clung; was dragged under again and again; was flung against the steamer's side, seemingly losing all consciousness, yet dimly realizing that outstretched hands grasped me and lifted me up by main strength to the narrow footway, dropping me there to the pool of water oozing from my

"Supplest For Yellow Banks?" in surprise. "Why, what's going on there? My friend, there aren't ten families within a hundred miles of that place."

Mapes laughed, his mouth opening like a red gash, exhibiting a row of yellow fangs.

"No, I reckon not; but that's a h—l or a lot of fellers that what ain't families but kin eat. Didn't yer know, pardner, that's a right smart war on; that the Illinois militia is called out, an' is a-marchin' now fer Yeller Banks? They're liable fer ter be there too afore ever this d—n scow makes it, if we have ter stop an' pick out more blame fools outer the river. Come on, let's go up."

"Wait a minute. This is an Indian war? Black Hawk has broken loose?"

"Sure; raised particular h—l. We heard down at St. Louis he'd killed 'bout a hundred whites, an' burned sum o' 'em—ther o' devil."

"And where is he now?"

"Dunno; never was up in yer afore. We bin runnin' 'tween St. Louis an' New Orleans, till the govtment took us. Maybe the captain kin tell yer—sumwhar up Rock river, I reckon, wharever that is."

We climbed the steep steps to the upper deck, and were met at the head of the ladder by the captain, evidently desirous of looking me over. He was a solidly built individual, wearing white side whiskers and a bulbous nose, and confronted me not altogether pleasantly.

"All right, are you? Water pretty cold yet, I reckon. Been sticking on that snag long?"

"Several hours; but my boat was wrecked before we lodged there."

The captain laughed and winked aside at the mate.

"Seems to be a mighty populous river up this way, hey, Mapes?" he remarked genially. "Castaways round every bend."

"What do you mean? Have you picked up others?"

"Certainly have. Hilt a keelboat twenty miles below."

"A keelboat operated by steam?"

"Couldn't say as to that. Was it, Mapes? The craft had gone down when I got on deck. Had four aboard, but we got 'em all off an' stowed 'em back there in the Texas. You better get along now and shuck those wet clothes."

The captain turned rather sharply away, and I was thrust through an open cabin door by the grasp of the mate before I could really sense the true meaning of this unexpected news. Mapes paused long enough to gruffly indicate a coarse suit of clothes draped over a stool, and was about to retire without further words when I recovered sufficiently from the shock to halt him with a question:

"I suppose you saw those people picked up from the keelboat?"

"Sure; helped pull 'em aboard. A d—d queer combination, if you



"A D—d Queer Combination, If You Ask Me."

ask me; two nigger wenches, Joe Kirby an' a deputy sheriff from down St. Louis way."

"Two women, you say? Both negroes?"

"Well, that's what Joe said they was, an' I reckon he knew. However, one o' 'em looked ez white as anybody I ever saw. The deputy he tol' ther same story—sed they was both slaves that Kirby got from an ol' plantation down below; some French name, it was. Seems like the two wenches hed run away, an' the deputy hed caught 'em, an' was a-taking 'em back. Kirby cum 'long ter help, bein' as how they belonged ter him."

"You knew Kirby, then?"

"H—l, ov course. Ther ain't many river men who don't, I reckon. What is it to you?"

"Nothing; it sounds like a strange story, that's all. I want to get this wet stuff off, and will be out on deck presently."

I was shivering with the cold, and lost no time shifting into the warm, dry clothing provided, spreading out my own soaked garments over the edge of the lower bunk, but careful first to remove my packet of private papers, which, wrapped securely in oiled silk, were not even damp. Fate had played a strange trick, and I knew not how best to turn it to advantage. One thing only was clear: whatever was to be accomplished I would have to do it alone—nowhere could I turn for help. In the first place Kirby undoubtedly had the law with him, and besides was among friends—those who would naturally believe him and were loyal to the institution of slavery. The very fact that this was a Memphis boat we were on precluded any possibility that the crew would sympathize with a nigger-stealer. Nor could I anticipate any assistance from without. Steamboats were few and far between on these northern waters, and at this time if the report of war was true, everything afloat would be headed upstream, laden with troops and provisions. That the report was true I had no doubt. The probability of an outbreak was known before I left Fort Armstrong; the crisis had come earlier than expected, that was all.

This, then, was the situation—through an odd intervention of Providence here we were all together on this steamer, which was steadily churning its way northward, every turn of the wheel bearing us deeper into the wilderness. The chances were that we should thus be aboard for several days; certainly until we encountered some other boat bound downstream, which would accept us as passengers. Meanwhile what should I do? How escape observation? How reach Reno, without encountering Kirby? The answer was not an easy one. The deputy would not know me, for I had never been seen by him. Kirby believed me dead, yet might recognize me in spite of that conviction if we met face to face. Still, would he? The daring hope that he might not come to me in a flash. Might it not be possible to so disguise myself as to become unnoticeable? I sprang up to stare at my features in the small mirror hanging over the washstand. The face which confronted me in surprise was almost a strange one even to my eyes. Instead of the smart young soldier, smoothly shaven, with closely trimmed hair, and rather carefully attired, as I had appeared on board the Warrior, the glass reflected a bearded face, the skin visibly roughened and reddened by exposure, the hair ragged and uncombed. Even to my view there remained scarcely a familiar feature—the lack of razor and shears, the exposure to sun and water, the days of sickness and neglect, had all helped to transform me into a totally different appearing person from what I had formerly been; the officer and gentleman had, by the mystery of environment, been changed into the outward semblance of a river roustabout. Nor was this all. The new character was emphasized by the clothes I wore—far too large to fit; also the texture and color, not to mention the dirt and grease, speaking loudly of a rough life and the vicissitudes of poverty. The metamorphosis was complete; so complete that I laughed aloud, assured by that one glance that the gambler, confident that I was dead, would never by any possibility recognize me in this guise, or while habilitated in such nondescript garments.

But the girl—Rene? And so this was how I had appeared to her. No wonder she questioned me; doubted my first explanation. I had approached her confident that my appearance as a gentleman would awaken her trust; I had felt myself to be a most presentable young man, in whom she must instantly repose faith. Yet this had not been true at all—instead I came to her with the outward bearing of a worthless vagabond, a stubble-bearded outcast. And yet she had trusted me; would trust me again. More: she could never be deceived, or fail to recognize my presence aboard if she had the freedom of the deck. Kirby might be deceived, but not Rene. If I could only plan to meet with her first alone, the peril of her recognition would not be extreme.

But I must also figure upon the other woman. Who could she be? Not Eloise Beaucourt surely, for the mate had only mentioned one of the two as being sufficiently white to be noticeable. That one would surely be Rene, and it was scarcely probable that Eloise, with no drop of negro blood in her veins, could appear colored. Perhaps this second woman was Della, the quadroon mother. But if so how did she chance to fall alone into Kirby's clutches? Was she aboard the keelboat, locked below in the cabin, when it rammed into us? If she had been captured at Shrunks' camp during their murderous raid, what had become of her companion? Where was Eloise Beaucourt? The harder I sought to straighten out this mystery the more involved it became.

With every additional glance at the face reflected by the mirror my confidence strengthened in the ability to encounter Kirby and pass unrecognised. Convinced as he undoubtedly was of my death in the black waters of the river he could not possibly imagine my presence aboard the Adventure, while my personal appearance was so utterly changed as to suggest to his mind no thought of familiarity. The conditions were all in my favor. I was smiling grimly at this conceit, well pleased at the chance thus afforded me, when the stateroom door was suddenly flung open and the hairy face of the mate thrust within.

"I reckon yer better tote them wet duds down ter the boiler room," he said gruffly, "an' then git sum grub. Likely 'nough yer wouldn't mind eatin' a bit. Be yer a river man?"

"I've never worked on a steamboat. If that is what you mean."

"No; well, I reckoned not, but the captain he thought maybe yer had. I tol' him yer didn't talk like no steamer hand. Howsever, we're almighty short o' help aboard, an' maybe yer'd like a job ter help pay yer way?"

My fingers involuntarily closed on some loose goldpieces in my pocket, but a sudden thought halted me. Why not? In what better way could I escape discovery? As an employee of the boat I would go about the decks unsuspected and unnoticed. Kirby would never give me a second thought or glance, while the opportunity thus afforded of speaking to Rene and being of service to her would be immeasurably increased. I withdrew my hand, swiftly deciding my course of action.

"I suppose I might as well earn a bit," I admitted, hesitatingly. "Only I had about decided I'd enlist if the war was still going on when we got up there."

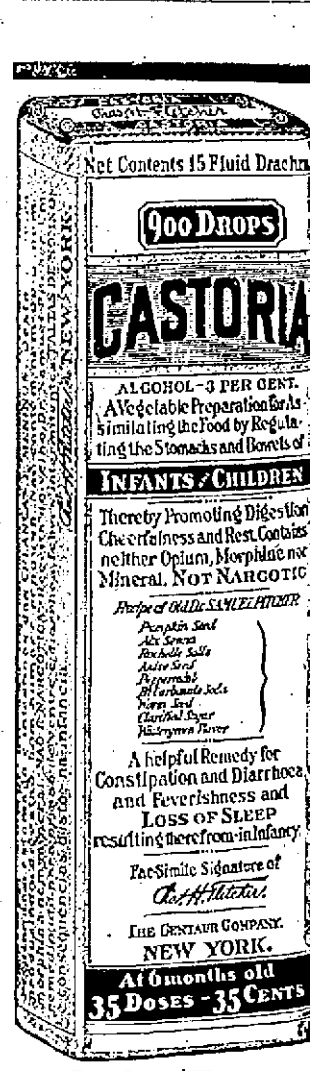
"That'll be all right. We'll keep yer busy till then, anyhow. Go on down below now an' eat, an' when yer git through climb up the ladder an' report ter me. What'll I call yer?"

"Steve."

"Steve—hey; sorter handy man, ain't yer?"

"Well, I've done a little of everything in my time. I'm not afraid to work."

During most of the remaining hours of the morning the mate kept me em-



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Mothers Know That
Genuine Castoria

Always
Bears the
Signature
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For Over
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J. K. McLENNAN,

184 Thames Street

NEWPORT, R. I.

LOOSE LEAF BINDERS

We handle the famous I-P Line of loose leaf binders and forms. You've seen them advertised in the Saturday Evening Post and other publications.

1000 LOOSE LEAF DEVICES AND FORMS FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND FOR EVERY BUSINESS.

Ring Binders, Post Binders (Sectional and Whole), Spring Back Holders, and Patent Steel Ledgers.

MERCURY PUB. CO.,
182 THAMES ST.

Parasol a Mark of Honor.

It was not until the eighteenth century that the parasol became distinctly an article of feminine costume. Large and elaborate parasols have from time immemorial been a mark of honor and official dignity in the Orient. In India, in 1877, when the then prince of Wales made his famous tour, he was compelled, that he might properly impress the natives, to ride upon an elephant and have over his head a parasol with a frame of gold, and with a covering studded with precious jewels.

Womanly Wit.

A young lady whose dramatic ability was greater than her personal attractions called on a popular manager with the view of obtaining a part. The manager chatted about the value of good looks to a woman, ending up with, "Beauty is to a woman what brains are to a man." "There's only one thing more valuable to a man than brains," said the young lady. "What's that?" asked the manager. "Tact!" was the reply.

The Beneficent Bat.

The government of the United States has discovered that the bat, instead of being useless and worthless, as is generally thought, is really most valuable. He is the inveterate enemy of all insects that fly at night. In recent investigations bats shot in the evening after flying for 12 minutes were found with stomachs so gorged with mosquitoes, gnats and small flies that it was difficult to see how they could eat any more.

Did Not Answer Question.

Advertiser—"What is the circulation of your paper?" Business Manager—"Our presses have a capacity for producing one hundred thousand perfect copies an hour—yes, sir, one hundred thousand an hour, all cut and pasted and folded—yes, sir! And here, sir, is a detailed and absolutely perfect photograph of one of the presses. Look at it yourself!"

To Clean Brown Leather Bag.

Brown leather bags may be cleaned by rubbing on a thick lather of pure white soap. Apply it with a sponge, rub hard, let it remain on a few minutes, then wipe dry with flannel cloth and polish with vaseline; rub this in with bare hand; rub very hard; don't use too much and wipe it off well and your bag will look nice.

Australian Pearls.

The pearls that come from the coast of Australia are of many shapes and colors, and in the trade have names to distinguish them. Pearls under ten grains are sold by the ounce, above that by the grain. Color has a deal to do with the value. The white pearls go mostly to Europe and the yellow ones to India.

Meal From Bananas.

It has been proved that the produce from one acre of bananas will support a much greater number of people than a similar acre under any other crop, and the immense yield may be preserved for an indefinite period by drying the fruit and preparing meal from it.

Swan Song.

According to Pliny ("Natural History"), "Swans, a little before their deaths, sing most sweetly," and it is from this that the "swan-song" has acquired a figurative use—the last work of a poet or musician, composed shortly before his death. To the English people of Tennyson's declining days, "Crossing the Bar" was that poet's swan-song, even as the music of "Oberon" was the swan-song of Karl von Weber.

Good Time to Do It.

"I can't see dose socialists," said Uncle Eben. "When a man comes around talkin' dat red doctrine, right dar is where I gits color blind."



Kirby and the Captain Appeared Suddenly, Pausing a Moment at the Head of the Ladder in Friendly Conversation.

art, still smiling, a cigar between his lips. I managed to observe that he paused in front of the second cabin, as though listening for some sound within, but made no attempt to enter, passing on to the door beyond, which was unlocked. He must have come to the upper deck on some special mission, for he was out of my sight scarcely a moment, returning immediately to the deck below. This occurrence merely served to make clearer in my mind the probable situation—the after cabin was undoubtedly occupied by Kirby, perhaps in company with the deputy; while next to them, securely locked away and helpless to escape, were confined the two slave women. In order to reach them I must operate under the cover of darkness, and my only hope of being free to work, even then, lay in the faith that the gambler might become so involved in a card game below as to forget his caution. So far as Tim was concerned I felt perfectly capable of outwitting him; but Kirby was dangerous.

To be continued

Hail of the Mariners.

It is said that it is customary for every English Christian sailor to hail any companion English vessel with the words, "494, sir." Immediately the reply is received, "6 farther on." The meaning of the 494 is that in the sailor's hymnbook, 494 is Fanny Crosby's hymn, "Blessed Assurance, Jesus Is Mine," and 6 farther on, or No. 500, is "God Be With You Till We Meet Again."—The Christian Herald.

Rainy Day and Business.

Someone figured that a rainy day cost New York an unconscionable amount of money. Women, he explained, disbursed 35 per cent of the money earned by men. On rainy or dark days they remain indoors mostly. Store sales were curtailed, traffic reduced and nearly every class and character of business was affected adversely. Theaters, movie shows, ball games and general amusements suffered seriously.

In a Quandary.

A charming hostess, who was entertaining a party of children, discovered one little fellow sitting in a corner apparently lost in thought. "What are you thinking about, Harry?" "Mother told me not to take two oranges," replied the little man, "and I was thinking I would be mighty lucky if I got one."

Eagle "Mikado" Pencil No. 174

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Children Cry
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The Mercury.

Newport, R. I.

PUBLISHED BY MERCURY PUBLISHING CO.

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Saturday, September 27, 1919

The United States casualties in the late war are officially put at 322,182. Of which number 116,492 were killed, 58,073 died of disease and 205,600 were wounded.

The Massachusetts authorities are standing firm against reinstating the deserting Boston policemen. The police themselves have about given up hope of being re-instated and are looking for other jobs.

President Wilson has abandoned his Western speaking tour and will return to Washington at once. Illness and exhaustion are said to be the cause. If he would stay in Washington when he gets there it would be better for himself and the country.

The State department has been asked to furnish a list of all the presents tendered President Wilson through that Department from kings, princes or foreign states, since Dec. 1, 1918, under a resolution introduced by Representative Ramsey, republican, of Iowa. It will take, it is said, several trains of cars to carry these presents.

Gompers the great Union leader of the American Federation of Labor, is reported to have said that the steel strike at this time is a great mistake on the part of labor. He declared strikers have walked into a trap set by capital. The Federation president is quoted as having said that this was the most inopportune time for a strike of any sort. We quite agree with him. Any time is an inopportune time to strike.

Congressman J. Hampton Moore, for a long time the President of the Atlantic Deeper Waterways Association, and a gentleman well known to many of our readers, was last week nominated for Mayor of Philadelphia on the Republican ticket. As a nomination on that ticket is equivalent to an election, the City of Brotherly Love is to be congratulated on the prospect of a live Mayor for the coming term. Mr. Moore is no idle worker in any field, and he will give that city an honest, up-to-date government.

ACT AT ONCE

A renewal effort is being made by the friends of Woman Suffrage to have Governor Beekman call a special session of the General Assembly at once to ratify the Amendment. The friends of Suffrage say: "Ratification by Rhode Island would complete the total of 36 states needed to ratify, as the suffragists are assured of 35. If this State holds off until the beginning of its regular session, Jan. 1, the only honor left for Rhode Island will be the doubtful one of being among the 'also rans'."

There would seem to be no good reason why this State should not ratify the amendment at once.

There is much talk just now on every community going it alone next year on the daylight saving measure. But such a plan would lead to great confusion and is hardly practicable. Take it in Rhode Island, for instance. The sentiment is not all one way. The cities by a great majority desire to have the clocks put ahead, while the rural districts all over the State by an equally large majority desire to go by true sun time. So if each community had the time it wanted we should be all mixed up. Newport might want the clocks put ahead an hour, while Middletown, Portsmouth, Jamestown, New Shoreham, Tiverton and Little Compton would vote the other way. So it would be in other parts of the State. So it would be all over New England. Unless this matter is regulated by National law it will be of no avail.

CAN'T FOOL THEM ALL THE TIME

In 1912 when he was a candidate for the Presidency, Mr. Wilson told the country that a Democratic tariff law would reduce the high cost of living. He was elected upon that issue, the tariff was reduced, but the cost of living continued steadily to advance, even before the outbreak of the war in Europe. He surrendered American markets to foreigners, but the cost of living did not come down. Now he soberly tells the country that if they will ratify the peace treaty, league and all, the cost of living will come down. He is just as confident now as he was in 1912. But surrender of American sovereignty to foreigners will not reduce the cost of living in 1919 any more than the surrender of American markets reduced it in 1913. It is one more instance of Wilsonian camouflage—on a par with his "Captives-out-of-the-war slogan in 1916. But the people have had enough.

STOP IT!

The immense credits that the United States has been extending to foreign governments, with prospect of even more in the future, have awakened protests even from some of the Democrats of Congress. A member of that party in the Senate has introduced a resolution giving it as the sense of the Senate that no more credits should be made to any other country that intended to use the money or any other of its funds "for the increase of armaments or for any military purpose aside from a reasonable and publicly declared provision for security against internal violence and disorder, or for carrying out the military obligations incurred in the war against Germany and her allies." Heretofore, in making foreign loans, the United States has received no assurance that the money was not being used to build up armaments that eventually might be turned against us. Republicans generally and some of the more conservative Democrats think it is about time to call a halt on such haphazard international finance.

THE AMERICANIZATION CAMPAIGN

Every community should have some organization to carry on this work. There should be a list of every adult alien or other non-English speaking resident, and steps should be taken to see that everyone is availing himself of opportunities offered. And such attendance should not be voluntary. Children are required by law to attend school. Why should not non-English speakers be under similar compulsion, except in special cases where they may be excusable? It seems preposterous to make great sacrifices to have children attend school, while the education of aliens proceeds in so irregular and inefficient a manner.

A church that was conducting an efficient Americanization class would not find the men of the community complaining that it was asleep. It would find it easier to obtain financial support if it was carrying on such a line of work. Women's Clubs that have been spending most of their time in discussion and literary study, would find that this kind of work for the community would bring greater rewards than any mere talk.

The public night schools would have done far better work if the taxpayers had given them decent support. But many towns that give hundreds of thousands for the education of the children, will hardly give a dollar to lift up the alien and give him a chance. People should know better now, and should see that liberal money spent in this work may save some far more costly disaster later on.

Some of the best Americans in this country are aliens. They love the country because it has given them freedom from oppression and a chance in life. All they ask is a little help to learn American speech. In return for this help they will give everlasting gratitude and friendship.

SUPPRESSING VIOLENCE

As an aftermath and possibly an incidental result of the war, the spirit of violence is seen in many places. Lynchings, race and other riots, and such mob rule as appeared in Boston during the police strike, show the spirit that is loose.

This is a subject upon which public men and parties and candidates must express themselves clearly and say what they mean.

Republican officials can be depended upon to stand for law and order without flinching. That party draws its strength from the most intelligent elements of the community. Its representatives have no sympathy with mob rule, and in few cases will there be any fear of it.

Whether Democratic officials will be equally determined remains to be seen. Many of its leaders have taken strong ground, and have acted with the utmost patriotism. It was Grover Cleveland who when a tie-up of the railroads was threatened was going to have them run if necessary to deliver a single post card.

In many States the Democratic record has been less satisfactory. Many Democratic officials have been lenient toward lynch law mobs. While some Northern towns have had disgraceful lynchings, yet the chief scene of this brutal violence is the South. They could not take place there so constantly unless many public officials were sympathetic.

There has been a tendency also when riots occur from labor troubles and other causes, for municipal and state officials to be far too tolerant toward the mob, apparently seeming to draw too many votes from that source. Many Democratic officials through the North have not done themselves credit at such times. They should have a care, for the mass of the people without regard to party want strong action to suppress mob rule.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Elizabeth B. Ingraham of Woodstock, N. B., to Mr. Frank M. Wheeler, Jr., of this city.

Soft Wood Good Fuel.
The idea that hard wood is any better than soft for fuel has been found erroneous.

THE DANGER OF INFLUENZA

When the influenza epidemic was finally conquered last winter, the public was thoroughly roused to the necessity of good sanitation and other health measures. But now the epidemic has been forgotten in the rush of events, and the average person is about as careless as ever.

Warnings are issued by health authorities that there is a likelihood of another outbreak of this terrible scourge this season. It is not expected to be as severe as the first. But considering what a fearful plague it was, it will be the part of wisdom to take no chances.

Had anyone realized in advance the nature of this peril, far stricter measures would have been taken early last fall. In case the disease breaks out again, rigid action should be taken to close up centers of infection. The Public Health Bulletin says that public eating and drinking places were a leading means for transmission of the disease. These should be carefully watched, and required either to obey the most rigid sanitary rules, or else to close.

There should be a general clean-up of homes and streets and tenements, and boards of health should be very active in removing all unsanitary conditions.

People who have influenza symptoms should not be kept on at work the way they did last fall, thus spreading the fatal scourge all over the country. It was shown that a person having the disease mildly might communicate it to others who would have it severely and die therefrom. People who have even a slight case have no right to endanger the lives of others by venturing out in public. They will be far safer themselves by remaining at home, and caution on their part will save the community from a great peril.

THE AMERICAN LEGION DRIVE

The newly formed posts of the American Legion are conducting a drive for members, and hope before Armistice Day, November 11, to have enrolled a million members.

Men who did not serve in the war would hand over many dollars for the right to belong to this grand society. One would think, considering the honor, the pleasure, and the solid advantages, that everyone that served would wish to belong without solicitation.

These men will be bound together by an intimate tie, and those who want friends, and assistance in finding work, will find this membership a great help.

The soldiers are probably tired of being lectured as to their patriotic duty to their country. They got fed up on that at the camps. Still they have their ideas as to the way the country ought to be run, and they left the service with a desire to overturn some ancient abuses. Also they dislike to see disloyal influences getting a foothold.

The country needs a strong organization that shall promote the patriotic ideas that were inculcated in the army and which the soldiers have absorbed. The veterans of the Civil War performed the same service in the past, but unfortunately they have largely passed off the active stage and the majority are gone.

The young soldiers are in the enthusiasm of youth, full of energetic desire for a better America. They can do a great deal for themselves and the country, by taking hold of this Legion and making it count for strong Americanism and sound sense. It is not work that calls for much time or money, but merely to unite the sentiment of the men that have had this experience, and make it a force to which less loyal elements will have to listen.

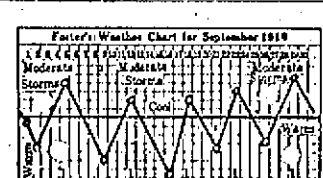
OUTSPOKEN PATRIOTISM

It has become a matter of comment about the U. S. Senate that practically all of the speakers in opposition to the treaty and league of nations are greeted by applause in the galleries when they conclude their remarks. Thus far there has been no noticeable demonstrations on occasions when the undertaking has been defended by an Administration Senator. Inasmuch as the thousand or more occupants of the Senate galleries, made up of tourists and others from all parts of the country, may be taken as fairly representative of our whole population, Republican Senators are interpreting the applause as proof of their conviction that there is an overwhelming sentiment throughout the country in opposition to the league of nations.

DOON TO MOTORISTS

The Judiciary Committee of the Senate has favorably reported the bill known as the "National Motor Vehicle Theft Act." It provides a penalty of five years' imprisonment and \$5,000 fine for the stealing of automobiles. It is probable that the measure will receive early consideration, and become a law in the not distant future. It will provide an additional safeguard against the increasing numbers of automobile thefts.

Commander Robert E. Ledbetter, medical corps of the Navy, on duty at the Naval Training Station for three years, has been ordered to San Domingo.



WEATHER BULLETIN

Washington, D. C., Sept. 27, 1919.

Warm waves are expected to reach Vancouver about Sept. 29 and Oct. 4 and temperatures will rise on all the Pacific slope. They will cross crest of Rockies by close of Sept. 30 and Oct. 6, plains sections Oct. 1 and 6, meridian 90, great lakes, middle Gulf States and Ohio-Tennessee valleys 2 and 7, eastern sections 3 and 8, reaching vicinity of Newfoundland about October 4 and 9. Storm waves will follow about one day behind warm waves and cool waves about one day behind storm waves.

These disturbances will dominate the North American crop weather from Sept. 30 to October 9 during which period a great fall in temperature is expected between longitudes 80 and 100 and light frosts are expected during the week following Oct. 8 in northern parts of that section. This will be a cool wave not far from October 8. To constitute a cool wave or a cold wave temperatures must fall twenty degrees, and a cold wave must go to freezing point. I expect a northern cool wave near Oct. 8 and a cold wave near Oct. 23.

These storms will start an increase of rainfall that will be heavy near Oct. 24. Large sections of country during August and September were short on moisture, because the storms north of latitude 30 had but little force. August and September storms were expected to be mild and rainfall deficient in large sections. But from this date onward through the winter the storms will be of much greater force and the precipitation will increase, except in about one-third of the best agricultural sections that will be affected by drought beginning about first of November and continuing about six months.

Again I warn all to expect dangerous storms during week centering on Oct. 26. Of course these great storms will reach only a small part of the country, but as I cannot definitely locate them, the next best thing is for all to be on the watch. Lives and property may thus be saved. The one great necessity for the cotton States and shipping interests in the West Indies is to know more about the hurricanes that harass those sections. They affect the weather to a large extent in our southeastern states and they cause the dangerous cold waves northers and blizzards that are dreaded by all who live between longitudes 85 and 95. For three years my time has been absorbed in study of some important cropweather that is controlled by the storms that cross continent from west to east; those that move in an oblong circle around our North American north magnetic north pole, center located near 70 north and 94 west, and around the Asiatic north magnetic pole, located near 60 north and 120 east, near the Lena river. The magnetic needle points down in northern North America and up in northern Asia.

The tropical system of storms also move in an oblong circle, the western end of which is in the West Indies, and the eastern end around the Azores and the Mediterranean. It is of great importance to know more about the effects of this southern storm system on our eastern and southern borders. Yale University, through its geographical section is giving attention to these matters, and Professor Elsworth Huntington of that institution, includes it in his work. He had charge of the war map work during the great war, held a captain's commission and was located at Washington.

Weekly Almanac, OCTOBER, 1919

STANDARD TIME.	Sun.	Mon.	Tue.	Wed.	Thurs.	Fri.	Sat.
27 Sept.	6.30	6.31	6.32	6.33	6.34	6.35	6.36
28 Sept.	6.37	6.38	6.39	6.40	6.41	6.42	6.43
29 Sept.	6.44	6.45	6.46	6.47	6.48	6.49	6.50
30 Sept.	6.51	6.52	6.53	6.54	6.55	6.56	6.57
1 Oct.	6.58	6.59	7.00	7.01	7.02	7.03	7.04
2 Oct.	7.05	7.06	7.07	7.08	7.09	7.10	7.11
3 Oct.	7.12	7.13	7.14	7.15	7.16	7.17	7.18
4 Oct.	7.19	7.20	7.21	7.22	7.23	7.24	7.25
5 Oct.	7.26	7.27	7.28	7.29	7.30	7.31	7.32
6 Oct.	7.33	7.34	7.35	7.36	7.37	7.38	7.39
7 Oct.	7.40	7.41	7.42	7.43	7.44	7.45	7.46
8 Oct.	7.47	7.48	7.49	7.50	7.51	7.52	7.53
9 Oct.	7.54	7.55	7.56	7.57	7.58	7.59	8.00
10 Oct.	8.01	8.02	8.03	8.04	8.05	8.06	8.07
11 Oct.	8.08	8.09	8.10	8.11	8.12	8.13	8.14
12 Oct.	8.15	8.16	8.17	8.18	8.19	8.20	8.21
13 Oct.	8.22	8.23	8.24	8.25	8.26	8.27	8.28
14 Oct.	8.29	8.30	8.31	8.32	8.33	8.34	8.35
15 Oct.	8.36	8.37	8.38	8.39	8.40	8.41	8.42
16 Oct.	8.43	8.44	8.45	8.46	8.47	8.48	8.49
17 Oct.	8.50	8.51	8.52	8.53	8.54	8.55	8.56
18 Oct.	8.57	8.58	8.59	9.00	9.01	9.02	9.03
19 Oct.	9.04	9.05	9.06	9.07	9.08	9.09	9.10
20 Oct.	9.11	9.12	9.13	9.14	9.15	9.16	9.17
21 Oct.	9.18	9.19	9.20	9.21	9.22	9.23	9.24
22 Oct.	9.25	9.26	9.27	9.28	9.29	9.30	9.31
23 Oct.	9.32	9.33	9.34	9.35	9.36	9.37	9.38
24 Oct.	9.39	9.40	9.41	9.42	9.43	9.44	9.45
25 Oct.	9.46	9.47	9.48	9.49	9.50	9.51	9.52
26 Oct.	9.53	9.54	9.55	9.56	9.57	9.58	9.59
27 Oct.	10.00	10.01	10.02	10.03	10.04	10.05	10.06
28 Oct.	10.07	10.08	10.09	10.10	10.11	10.12	10.13
29 Oct.	10.14	10.15	10.16	10.17	10.18	10.19	10.20
30 Oct.	10.21	10.22	10.23	10.24	10.25	10.26	10.27
31 Oct.	10.28	10.29	10.30	10.31	10.32	10.33	10.34

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5 Oct.	7.18	7.19	7.20	7.21	7.22	7.23
6 Oct.	7.24	7.25	7.26	7.27	7.28	7.29
7 Oct.	7.30	7.31	7.32	7.33	7.34	7.35
8 Oct.	7.36	7.37	7.38	7.39	7.40	7.41
9 Oct.	7.42	7.43	7.44	7.45	7.46	7.47
10 Oct.	7.48	7.49	7.50	7.51	7.52	7.53
11 Oct.	7.54	7.55	7.56	7.57	7.58	7.59
12 Oct.	8.00	8.01	8.02	8.03	8.04	8.05
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29 Oct.	9.42	9.43	9.44	9.45	9.46	9.47
30 Oct.	9.48	9.49	9.50	9.51	9.52	9.53
31 Oct.	9.54	9.55	9.56	9.57	9.58	9.59

Marriages

In Trinity Church, Newport, September 23, by the Rev. Stanley C. Hughes, Charlotte Lathrop Bell, daughter of the late Clarence and Annie C. Bell, and Mr. Charles F. Richardson of Washington.

Deaths

In this city, September 18, Napoleon A. Restos, of 157 Spring street, U. S. N., retired.
Suddenly, in this city, September 19, at his residence, 22 Union avenue, Evaristo Gramolini.
In this city, 19th inst., Frank M. Wilson, in his 51st year.
In Cranston, 25th inst., Joseph C. Weaver, in his 74th year.
In Tiverton, 21th inst., Fernando J. Snell, in his 62nd year.
In Providence, September 22, Mary Pierce, wife of the late John L. Booth.

Mrs. John Nicholas Brown and her son, Mr. John Nicholas Brown, have arrived in Newport after spending the summer in Japan. Mr. Brown will resume his studies at Harvard University.

Col. and Mrs. Edward A. Sherman are enjoying their annual vacation, and are motoring through the White Mountains.

Among those applying for admission to the Rhode Island bar are Mr. William A. Peckham and Mr. James E. Morris, both of this city.

Judge and Mrs. Robert M. Franklin are enjoying their annual vacation, which they are spending in the Maine woods.

Mr. Daniel E. Sullivan is able to be about again after a few days' illness.

NEW ENGLAND NEWS IN TABLOID FORM

Items of Interest From All Sections of Yankeeeland

Miss Lucinda Towne, aged 101 years, 6 months and 3 days, died at the Worcester Home for Aged Women. She was born in Thompson, Ct., and went to Worcester when a young woman and conducted a dressmaking business until seven years ago.

With two judges among its officers, a minister and the state commissioner of prisons among its privates, and every nationality and every class represented on its roster, M. company of the 10th regiment, Massachusetts state guard, may well lay claim to being cosmopolitan.

Walter Harris, cook with one of the Brockton companies of the state guard on strike duty in Boston, is a veteran in every sense of the word. He served with the British army in the Boer war; was taken prisoner and escaped. He was also in the Spanish-American and world wars.

Laurie S. McDonagh, superintendent of Thompson Bros. Inc., shoe factory of Brockton, who was found guilty by a jury Oct. 30, 1918, of conspiracy to defraud the government in connection with the manufacture of army marching shoes, was sentenced to 15 months in the Plymouth jail by Judge Morton in the federal district court.

Rhode Island boys who fought in the world war have been promised a bonus voted by the next Legislature, but the laws of the state prevent them from getting it for more than a year and two months. The question must be voted on by the property-holding voters of the state. Therefore the men will have to wait a year from next November for an election.

The first public test of telephone-telegraphic radio communication between an airplane and a submerged submarine took place at New London, before 250 members of the Edison Society of Electrical Engineers, who held a convention at the Hotel Griswold. The test was made with the submarine N-6, down several fathoms, and the airplane at an elevation of 2000 feet.

Shortly after he arrested his own wife on a charge of larceny, Calvin H. Wilber of Malden, a volunteer policeman attached to station 6, South Boston, was relieved from duty by Capt. Daniel G. Murphy. Not only did Wilber lose his job, but the police ignored his charges against his wife and freed her. Mrs. Wilber claimed that her arrest was due to domestic difficulties.

The fast thinning ranks of the "Boys of '61" is strongly evidenced by the possibility of A. B. Randall post, G. A. R., No. Easton, disbanding and surrendering its charter in the near future. While no definite action has been taken, it has been suggested, and the matter will come up for final action next month. The post has lost heavily in membership of late through death.

Hermann C. Lythgoe, director of the Food and Drug Division of the Massachusetts State Department of Health, reports that during the month of August there were examined by the chemists of the division 1604 samples, consisting of 1191 samples of milk, 60 samples of drugs, 39 samples of foods, collected by the inspectors; 309 samples of liquors and five samples of alleged poisons, submitted by the police authorities.

Six oriental rugs valued at \$2000, at the Maplewood Hotel, Pittsfield, Mass., have been ruined by a powerful acid or lye, scattered apparently with malicious intent, which has eaten large holes through them. The police have been working on the theory the case is

STEEL WORKERS DEFY POLICE

Hundreds of Armed Guards,
Barbed Wire, and Search-
lights Protect the Mills.

BOTH SIDES ARE CONFIDENT.

Meetings Are Broken Up at McKees-
port, North Clairton and Glassport.
Sheriff Forbids Public
Gatherings.

Pittsburgh.—Clashes between Penn-
sylvania state police and crowds bent
on holding labor mass meetings in the
Pittsburgh district ushered in the
strike in the iron and steel industry.
The most serious disturbance occurred
at North Clairton, 20 miles from Pitts-
burgh, where the state troopers charged
a crowd of union men holding a
mass meeting and broke it up. Resist-
ance was offered, and it is charged by
union leaders that the mounted police-
men used their clubs vigorously and
injured a number in the crowd.

Nineteen men were arrested, includ-
ing two American Federation of Labor
organizers, Joe Eklison, who works
among the foreigners, and P. H. Bro-
gan, an old mill hand. They were re-
fused bail and held for hearing later.
The meeting was broken up at the re-
quest of the local authorities.

According to eyewitnesses the meet-
ing was proceeding quietly when the
state police appeared. The crowd
scattered, and some ran up a railroad
embankment and threw stones and oth-
er missiles at the troopers. During the
melee several in the crowd were struck
on the head by the policemen, it was
said. The crowd soon scattered, and
as far as can be learned no one was
seriously injured. During the melee
the horse of one of the troopers suf-
fered a broken leg. It is alleged that
several shots were fired by some one
in the crowd.

Some of the blast furnaces of the
Carnegie Steel Company are located at
Clairton.

Secretary Foster sent a telegram to
Governor Spruell protesting "unwar-
ranted attacks" by the state police on
the strength of the clashes between
members of the constabulary and iron
and steel workers and sympathizers at
North Clairton and McKeesport. The
telegram follows:

"At North-Clairton while officials of
the American Federation of Labor
were holding a meeting of steel work-
ers at a place especially designated
for this purpose by the borough offi-
cials a detachment of state constabulary
suddenly appeared on the scene
and began riding down and clubbing
the helpless and innocent bystanders
in murderous fashion. Many were se-
riously injured and many others were
thrown in jail. Similar events trans-
pired at McKeesport at a meeting held
on our own property. We protest
against these outrages and appeal to
you to restrain the state constabulary
from these unwarranted attacks."

There was a slight disturbance at
McKeesport, where union organizers
attempted to hold a mass meeting in
 defiance of the proclamation of Mayor
George Lystie forbidding public gather-
ings. More than 2,500 steel workers
and sympathizers were gathered near
the southern limits of the city when a
squad of McKeesport police dispersed
them, driving the crowd into Glass-
port, an adjoining borough.

When the crowd again began to as-
semble in Glassport the local police
appeared and ordered the meeting dis-
persed. The crowd refused to move
and a detachment of mounted state po-
lice appeared and, with drawn clubs,
broke up the meeting. No one was
injured. Two aliens were arrested for
refusing to obey the orders of the po-
lice to "move on."

After dispersing the Glassport meet-
ing the state police returned to Mc-
Keesport and patrolled the streets.
Crowds were dispersed without diffi-
culty.

WORLD'S OIL CONTROL SOUGHT BY BRITISH.

London.—Mackay Edgar, head
of Spertling & Co., expresses the
opinion that England will con-
trol world's oil market in a few
years—indeed, will be sending
oil to America.

Writing in the current issue of
Spertling's Journal, Mr. Edgar
says America is rapidly running
through her stores of domestic
oil and is obliged to look about
for future reserves. These re-
serves, "constituting the key po-
sition in international indus-
tries," are owned or controlled
by British capital.

RODMAN GREET'S PRINCE.

British Fleet Met at Vancouver by
Pacific Fleet Commander.
Vancouver.—Guns boomed royal
salutes and thousands of cheering
spectators lined the streets when the
Prince of Wales, on a tour of Canada,
reached Vancouver. Admiral Hugh
Rodman, commander of the United
States Pacific fleet, was the first to
greet the prince. The prince ex-
pressed his pleasure at the presence in
port of Admiral Rodman's flagship,
the New Mexico.

The "Getaway" in Gotham.

A New York newspaper has received
a number of letters on the best method
of accomplishing a graceful "getaway"
when making a call. One correspond-
ent says he manages it by exclaiming
suddenly: "Oh, can the piffle; I guess
I better be goin'!"

MISS EMILY FARNUM.

Chief of the Appointment
Division for 1920 Census.



Miss Emily Farnum of New York
city, for many years connected with
the department of commerce, has been
named chief of the appointment divi-
sion for the 1920 census.

BELGIUM AND DUTCH BREAK OVER FRONTIER

Withdraws Ambassador at The
Hague, and Holland Recalls
Envoy from Brussels.

London.—An official wireless dis-
patch from Berlin says that the Bel-
gian ambassador at The Hague having
been withdrawn, the Dutch ambassador
at Brussels also has been withdrawn.

Mercier Not Astonished at Break.
Baltimore, Md.—When Cardinal
Mercier was informed at Cardinal Gib-
bons' residence of the reported sever-
ance of diplomatic relations between
Belgium and Holland, he said:
"I knew there were difficulties, but
had not reason to suppose a rupture
was imminent."

Others in his party did not seem sur-
prised over the news.
Francis Dessain, the cardinal's
secretary, who speaks for him on mat-
ters requiring exhaustive explanations,
and who is a military as well as an
economic expert, explained the trouble
between the two nations, which he
described as military and commercial,
involving possession of that portion of
the province of Limburg extending as
far north as the northernmost bound-
ary line of Belgium and the domination
of the south bank of the Scheldt river,
west of Antwerp, as an insurance
against Dutch blockades in time of
war, or against trade aggression in time
of peace.

"Germany is recuperating," Cardinal
Mercier said.
"And," put in M. Dessain, "should
she be allowed to reconstruct her
strength, Belgium may well expect an-
other invasion—unless we insure our-
selves by fortifying the frontier facing
Dutch Limburg. This we are unable
to do, because our guns would be
trained on neutral (Dutch) territory.
Belgium should have put in a stronger
claim at the Peace Conference for
safety measures on the east boundary,
but unfortunately, Belgium's vote was
very weak at the session."

Asked whether Belgium expected
war, neither Cardinal Mercier nor his
secretary would deny its possibility.
"Many Belgians would welcome it,"
M. Dessain volunteered.

Several times recently there have
been reports that diplomatic relations
between Belgium and Holland were
badly strained.

WORLD NEWS IN CONDENSED FORM

NEW YORK.—It is reported that
banking clerks in Wall street are form-
ing a union.

BRUSSELS.—The King and Queen
of Belgium, accompanied by the Crown
Prince, board the George Washington
for their voyage to America.

NEW YORK.—President of Sheffield
Furnace Company tells members of
State's Milk Price Commission that
people should use powdered milk.

NEW YORK.—Abandoned saloons
to be turned into city meat shops, de-
clares Commissioner of Markets, who
charges retail dealers, with seeking to
balk sale of army poultry.

CHICAGO.—The largest steel mills
in the Chicago district closed down
without disorder when the strike be-
gan. Cleveland and Youngstown mills
are either idle or slowing down.

NEW YORK.—Mrs. Margaret A.
Howard, prominent modiste, by her
will leaves \$500,000 to establish a
home for needlewomen.

CHICAGO.—Governor Lowder urges
adoption by Congress of the Illinois
budget system, abolition of "spending"
departments and imposition on the
President and secretary of the treasury
of responsibility for the operation
of the system.

If Vermont Was Flat.

I met a Vermont Yankee lately, and
the main thing he bragged about was
the amount of maple sugar shipped
from his town every spring. But he
did not say that Vermont rolled out
flat would be as big as Ohio.—E. W.
Howe's Monthly.

DR. LIVINGSTON FARRAND.

Directing the New Red
Cross Drive for Funds.



Dr. Livingston Farrand is in Wash-
ington directing the new Red Cross
drive for funds for peace time and re-
construction work.

ITALY ASKS ALLIES TO ACT AT FIUME

Government Appeals to Powers
to Send Force and Drive
Out D'Annunzio.

London.—The Italian government
has appealed to the allied powers to
send an allied force, exclusive of Ital-
ians, to drive D'Annunzio out of Fiume,
according to a report current here
which is considered reliable.

It is understood that the American
naval authorities here, who control the
operations in the Adriatic, have declin-
ed any assistance whatsoever pending
the final decision from Washington, or
by the peace delegates in Paris.

The Italian government, it is report-
ed, has pointed out in its appeal that
it would be difficult for Italy to handle
the situation in view of D'Annunzio's
popularity with the Italian people, and
also because of the fact that the Fiume
decision has been a thorn in the side
of the Italians.

It is understood that the Italian gov-
ernment declared that it deplored the
situation and did not wish to take the
slightest action against the decision of
the peace conference, but pointedly in-
ferred that if D'Annunzio's hold on
Fiume was to be weakened it must be
done by other than Italian troops.

The Associated Press learns that,
even should the appeal be favorably
received, no American troops are avail-
able to respond to it, and, pending in-
structions from high authority, Ameri-
can naval vessels would stay outside
the three mile limit.

American navy headquarters here,
which is in direct communication with
Adriatic ports, has no confirmation of
the report from Rome that American
marines have been landed at Buccari,
near Fiume. Naval authorities here
are not inclined to credit the report,
there being no reason that they know
of for the United States to interfere.

The fact that an American ship is
in the harbor of Fiume is of no signifi-
cance, in the opinion of naval officers.

At attempt by Yugoslav forces to
land on the Dalmatian coast is report-
ed in official dispatches reaching here.
The landing was frustrated by the Ital-
ian naval and military authorities.

Pershing to Wed Alde's Widow.

Washington.—A well authenticated
rumor is prevalent that General Per-
shing will shortly announce his en-
gagement to Mrs. Annie Peoples Boyd,
formerly of Chattanooga, Tenn., widow
of Col. Carl Boyd, U. S. A., a former
member of General Pershing's staff,
who died in France.

PITH OF THE VICTORY NEWS

Senator Reed, replying to President
Wilson's defence of the provision
giving the British Empire six votes
in the League of Nations to one for
the United States, produces a docu-
ment signed by Mr. Wilson, Clem-
enceau and Lloyd George construing
Article 4 of the covenant so as to
make the British self-governing
colonies eligible to membership in
the inner councils.

President Wilson told a great throng
in Sacramento, Cal., that China's
only hope for the restoration of
Shantung was in the League of Na-
tions.

Because of the low price of the franc
in America and its increased pur-
chasing power in Germany the
French government has placed its
first order for machinery and equip-
ment with German firms.

Zones of occupation in Occidental
Thrace will be held by Greek troops
in one district and allied troops in
another, the Supreme Council de-
cides.

Major General James W. McAndrew,
contradicting Secretary Baker's esti-
mate told the House Military Affairs
Committee a peace time army of
300,000 men would be enough.

Language That Will Live.

Language is the vehicle of thought;
and the tongue which can most quick-
ly and clearly put that thought across
between buyer and seller, between
thinker and inquirer, is the language
that will prevail. Languages are alive
because they have kept up with the
march of thought and events; and
those that have not are dead.

BEATEN BULGARS GET PEACE TERMS

Envoys Disclaim Crimes and
Protest Against Servitude
Sentence.

TO PAY \$450,000,000 IN GOLD.

Serbia Gets Part of Western Front—
Western Thrace Given Up—Army
Cut to 20,000—Naval and Air
Forces Surrendered.

Paris.—Under the terms of the
treaty of peace with Bulgaria the de-
feated Balkan nation agrees to:

Reduce her army to 20,000 men and
gendarmerie to 10,000.

Surrender her warships and sub-
marines to the Allies.

Recognize the independence of
Jugo-Slavia and return property taken
from that state during the war.

Cede western Thrace to the Allies
for future disposition.

Modify her frontier in four places in
favor of Serbia and compensate Serbia
for stolen coal.

Pay \$450,000,000 in gold as repa-
ration for damages.

Renounce the treaties of Brest-Li-
tovsk and Bucharest.

The treaty of peace between the
allied and associated powers and Bul-
garia was presented to the Bulgarian
mission at the French foreign office.
After the delegates had assembled
Georges Clemenceau, president of the
Peace Conference, spoke briefly in
opening the session. He was followed
by General Theodoroff, head of the
Bulgarian mission.

M. Theodoroff spoke for fifteen min-
utes, pleading that the Bulgarian peo-
ple were not responsible for the war,
but that the Bulgarian government had
thrown the country into the struggle.
He realized, however, he said, that the
people must share the responsibility.
"They are willing to do so," he said,
"but feel that in no way have they
committed such a crime as will com-
pel them to accept servitude."

King Ferdinand and Vasell Radost-
voff, Bulgarian foreign minister in
1914, were blamed for Bulgaria's entry
into the war by M. Theodoroff. He
said the Bulgarian people did not ap-
prove of the German alliance, which,
he declared, "came to them as a
cataclysm," but they realized they
must accept part of the responsibility.

"We have committed faults," he
said, "and we shall bear their con-
sequences within the bounds of equity,
but there is a punishment no crime can
justify, and that is servitude."

Each of the twenty-seven govern-
ments participating in the conference,
including Rumania, was present. Frank
L. Polk, head of the United States
delegation, sat on M. Clemenceau's
right and Sir Eyre Crowe, the new
British plenipotentiary to the Peace
Conference, sat on the president's left.

The Bulgarian delegates, M. Theodo-
roff, M. Ganeff, M. Sakessoff, M. Stam-
bolliwsky and M. Harzoff, entered after
the other delegates, who rose when
the enemy representatives appeared.
The Bulgarians showed courteous con-
fidence in their demeanor.

The delivery of the treaty was
marked by little ceremony. Led by Gen.
Theodoroff the Bulgarians entered the
foreign office, their dark visages show-
ing not a trace of emotion, contrasting
sharply with the pale, drawn coun-
tenances displayed by the German
plenipotentiaries at the Versailles cere-
mony and with Dr. Renner's almost
joyful appearance on the occasion of
the Austrian treaty signature at St.
Germain.

They were ushered into the large
dining room where the plenary sessions
of the Peace Conference formerly
were held—a departure from the
course adopted with the German and
Austrian delegations, which were not
allowed to come to Paris.

The Bulgarians have been in Paris
since July 25 and have been living in
the beautiful Chateau de Madrid, in
the Bois de Boulogne. They have been
allowed great freedom of movement and
have frequently been seen promenad-
ing the street in the warm sunshine.
Last Sunday two of them were seen
apparently deeply interested in watch-
ing the running of the Omnibus Stakes
from a vantage point outside the Long-
champs race track.



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OCT. 18, 1919

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terest on that date.

G. P. TAYLOR, Treas.

The "Coal" Economist

If there were no other things to recommend it,
the fact that "you couldn't if you would" burn as
much coal in a Crawford as you'd have to in any
other range, ought to make it easy to select the new
Range.

The old range is played out, done the best of
service in years past, is true; but it is just done for.
Eats up the coal faster than you can shovel it, almost
and coal is money these days.

The Crawford Range went to the top when it
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near so good.

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\$4.00 per pair

The T. Mumford Seabury Co.
214 Thames Street.
Tel. 751

Fifty-Fifty

By DORA MOLLAN

Ted Joy came into the family dining room doing out the morning mail and commenting on the external appearance of each letter before parting with it. "Here's one for you from Aunt Ann, mother; the ever-unwelcome little bill for your debt; two for yours truly, and only one for you, Sally. What's happened to Chet?—skipped you two days now." He paused to scrutinize carefully a large square brown envelope, ignoring his sister's outstretched hand while he remarked: "Says 'Fifty-fifty' in the corner—and some address—sounds like a tooth paste."

"Or a lottery number," added his father. "Give the letter to Sally, Ted; you're worse than a country post-man."

Sally was glad to take her disappointment of not receiving a letter in Chet's familiar scrawl by appearing interested in the one bearing the cryptic number. "Quickest way to find out is to open it, I suppose," and Sally snatched the action to the word.

Glancing at the first few lines she turned over to the signature, exclaiming in a surprised tone: "Why, it's from Chet's sister, Elizabeth. They've taken a little house out in Brownsville. It's on a river and it's hardly finished yet."

Then, reading along, "They've taken it by the year; expect to stay there most of the time. They've named it 'Fifty-fifty.' She wants me to come down over the week-end."

"Believe in being original, don't they?" commented Ted. "I like Elizabeth; she's a good sport."

"A clever little woman, and her husband's a brilliant fellow—always enjoys his stories. Come, Ted, or we'll be late at the office." So saying, Mr. Joy, followed by Ted, walked out of the room and out of this story.

Mrs. Joy turned to her daughter: "Sally, haven't you and Chet made up that absurd quarrel yet? If you don't look out you'll lose him. And then—" "Mother," Sally interrupted calmly, looking up from the letter she was still



"I'm a Convert, Sally," reading, "Chet and I have not quarreled. It's merely a difference of opinion."

"Call it what you like," Mrs. Joy persisted, "it amounts to the same thing. When I was young a girl was glad enough to give up her work when she married. You're a mighty lucky girl to get a man with a salary like Chet's."

"Mother, it isn't the money—but what's the use of arguing? I just can't make you understand. Listen, Elizabeth says that their new house would just about fit into our living room and that it has five rooms. She is furnishing it according to the ideas she absorbed in Greenwich village—painted furniture, in bright colors. She says it's a dandy bluff to put up when you're broke, to pretend to prefer that sort of thing to solid mahogany. She wants me to come down and help her decide on some of the colors. She asked Chet, too, but he can't get away. So I'll go, mother, if you don't mind. I can't do any more up at Mrs. Barlow's until that creature comes."

When Sally Joy alighted from the train at the Brownsville station it was raining steadily. No one was there to meet her. She ran inside, but the little building was empty. Through the window she could see a dilapidated buggy standing outside and a motor car with curtains tightly drawn, came bumping down the road. It stopped with a jerk and a man jumped out. The long yellow oilskin slicker and slouch hat pulled down would have disguised him from his best friend, but by a certain indefinable something, perhaps his brisk movements, Sally recognized him instantly.

Something sang in Sally's heart, "It's Chet! It's Chet!" but she determinedly squelched that something and presented an unsmiling face to the young man.

Chester Radiker seemed oblivious to her coldness. With much gallantry he took her bag, complimented her on her appearance, helped her into the car, and kept up a running fire of conversation during the three-mile drive. He

described his sister's house in an amused fashion, commented on its name, and answered that he would leave that to Elizabeth to explain.

"Of course," thought Sally inwardly, "this is all for the benefit of the tiny man, he's making a show of treating me like any guest of his sister. I'll be just as nonchalant about it as he is."

When the car stopped and Chet pulled back the curtains Sally beheld a tiny house, hip-roofed and shingled, nestled close to the country road. On the broad veranda stood Elizabeth and her husband, his arm about her shoulders. While Chet was settling with the tiny man his sister drew Sally indoors and up to the guest room, where a cheerful fire burned on the hearth.

"Take off your wet things and get into a negligee," she commanded, "and let's make ourselves comfy here by the fire. The men of the house will start dinner. I want to talk to you before we go down, so save your exclamations about the house and the view—you can't see it well, anyway, till later."

"First, I'll confess that I told you a fib about Chet's not being able to come. Now don't get huffy—it's because I'm fond of you and want you for a sister that I'm taking all this trouble just at this time when I'm up to my neck in work. I wasn't 'cunning' in my letter. We are hard up just now, and besides fixing up this house on next to nothing I'm earning enough to carry us along for the present, just doing those little water colors."

"But I thought Jock—" began Sally.

"Now don't interrupt till I finish," went on her hostess. "Jock has gone stale. You know that often happens to writers. Ever since he had the flu. He hasn't written a word for two months. He'll come back all right here, though, where he can live the outdoor life he loves. We spent altogether too much money in the city last winter, too. Well, he said that if I had to take the man's place for a while the only decent thing for him to do was to go fifty-fifty on the household work. And he does. That's where our house gets its name."

"I sat Chet down in front of me this morning and I told him all I have told you—and some more; now I couldn't have done this if I hadn't kept my hand in and had a market for my stuff. If Jock had been insistent on my doing nothing outside our home when we had plenty, why—"

A cheerful voice sounded from the foot of the stairs. "Say, the potatoes are in the oven, the table is set, the meat's cooking—and it's cleared off. There's a glorious sunset, girls; come on down on the porch and view it with us."

"Oh, Chet," called his sister, "come up here a minute." But when he arrived, two steps at a time, she suddenly remembered that Jock was ignorant of the mysteries of salad mixing, and disappeared.

"I'm a convert, Sally," frankly confessed the young man. "You may keep up your interior decorating. Only see that you don't earn more than the old man—he'd be jealous."

EXPLORER'S LOT A HARD ONE

Matter of Hard and Excessive Labor Is That of Mapping Out a New Country.

Hard and incessant labor is the lot of an explorer who travels through an unknown country, as is shown by the example of William Junker, a Russian explorer, who spent five years in endeavoring to trace the course of the River Welle, which lies between the headwaters of the Nile and the Congo, in Africa, with a view to determining the position of its watershed. During that time he traveled on foot over 4,000 miles through a wild country.

When he was actually on the march Dr. Junker wore a coat designed by himself, having numerous large pockets especially arranged for the handy use of his watch, compass, aneroid, thermometer and notebook. From one of the buttons of his coat hung three pencils, one red, for marking the route; one blue, for noting the rivers and streams; and the third black, for recording the time of starting and halting (so as to keep a record of the marching time and distance), together with all the more notable incidents of the day's march.

Every five minutes Dr. Junker made a note of the direction he traveled, as well as noted every stream, every mountain, every valley, and their estimated dimensions, as well as full information about the tribes he met. In that way he secured a fund of information that was readily accepted by geographers and scientists.

Left Lamenting.

My little niece came to spend a few days with us, and one day, while seated at the dinner table, she noticed that my husband had helped himself to the leg of the chicken. She being fond of that part of the chicken, too, exclaimed: "Oh, that is my best appetite!"—Chicago Tribune.

Shells on Sea Peaks.

The surface of submarine mountains is strewn with shells, like the virgin seashore, showing that it is the favorite place of vast shoals of carnivorous animals.

Still Upset.

"Wife finished house cleaning yet?" "Guess not. I had to go to the cellar this morning for a clean shirt and I found the garden spade in the parlor."

"Immunity Bath."

In criminal trials, "immunity bath" means exemption from prosecution. The expression was first used several years ago, when several defendants in a trust case were discharged by the United States court on the ground that they had gained personal immunity by furnishing the evidence upon which the indictments were based.

DELIGHT IN GUESTS

Pleasing Trait of Household Help in Palestine.

Presence of Company to Dinner Is Taken as a Compliment—Native Woman's Amusing Confession of Vanity.

Palestine is one place in the world which has no "servant problem," according to Miss Evangelina Metheny of Beaver Falls, Pa., just returned from Red Cross service in the Holy Land.

"The servants in Palestine," says Miss Metheny, who has lived there most of her life, "are a different set entirely from the servants we have here in America. They make their services personal; their interest in their employer's affairs is personal, whereas the American servant regards it impersonally."

"In Palestine, if I were to tell my house servants that there would be ten people in for dinner, they would be delighted. It would be a matter of personal pride with them that their dinner was the best to be had, and their service, too. They would be happy at the thought of working for a mistress who had so many friends that she could get together ten at one time. There would be no sulky looks or actions at the extra work; every servant would co-operate and the dinner would go off grandly."

"Here the mention of an extra guest or two creates a feeling of resentment. I know people who do not dare to invite a dinner guest until they have obtained permission from their cooks. Cooks in Palestine consider extra guests a compliment to their art. The servants in Palestine would ten times rather work for Americans than for the native population. The reason is not alone that we will pay higher wages—we treat them better. For one thing, American women do not swear at them, and native women do. They call down every kind of curse on the servant's eyes, and his children, and his grandchildren; they say the most untranslatable things as a matter of course. It is not in the least unusual, it is quite no fault, for an Arab woman to swear so."

Servants in Palestine may be different, but a woman is a woman the world over, Miss Metheny says with Kipling and other authorities.

"Once in a railroad train," she says, "I was sitting in the same compartment with an old native woman. In the East there are separate carriages for men and women. In our coach there was a particularly pretty girl, and from time to time a young English or American man passed through, watching her. My old woman was kneeling on the seat with her shoes off, praying. In order to pray toward Mecca she had to kneel crosswise on the narrow seat, and the rite of bumping her head on the floor several times in each prayer, was an acrobatic feat under such circumstances. Every time a young man came into the carriage she had to struggle for balance while she pulled her veil down over her face. Finally she spoke to one. 'My son,' she said, 'do you not know that you have no right in here with the protected ones' (women)?"

He apologized, and she raised her veil when he went out.

"You know," she said to me in Arabic, "if I had any teeth left I would not pull down my veil. I only do it that people will think there is a nice face behind it."

In Practice.

"I see your wife has one of those hobble skirts."

"She was early in the game. I'm going to make some money this summer."

"How?"

"By taking her around the picnic circuit. She ought to win first coin in any sack race for ladies."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Great Expectations.

A certain hard-boiled lieutenant called in a sergeant to letter his locker. After thinking it over, he said: "You might leave the lieutenant-off as I expect to be made captain shortly."

"Why not," innocently suggested the sergeant, "leave a space between the lieutenant and your first name, so you could insert 'Col.'?"—Booster.

The Poet's Corner.

Visitor—Who caused that unsightly fence to be put up in this beautiful neighborhood?

"Oh, that is the home of John Sweetfinger, the famous portrayer of the poetry of child life, author of 'Songs of Childhood' and 'Fraternal Voices at Twilight.' He had the fence built to keep out the neighbors' children."—Life.

A Surmise.

"What's the hubbub in the inside of here?"

"The old man is savage today and the fool office boy let in an agent with a 'Life of Cromwell.'"

"Well?"

"I suppose he is selling his life dearly."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Evolution.

"Do you believe in the theory of evolution?"

"I wouldn't venture to contradict it," replied young Mrs. Torkins. "Charley dear is always telling about animals that start as race horses and finish as dogs."

Simply Had To.

A little girl was in the hospital following an operation for appendicitis. Her people lived out of the city, so she was lonely, and cried a great deal. Finally a nurse gave her a nickel not to cry. In a short time she called to the nurse: "Please take your nickel, I've just got to cry."

EXTRAVAGANT

By ANNA L. FINN.

"Bob is always talking about the delicious pies and cakes his mother makes," Jean Winston confided to her mother, at the same time giving an admiring glance at the beautiful solitaire which adorned her third finger. "You see," she continued, "he wants me to know that I will have to be quite proficient in the culinary art to compete with her."

Mrs. Winston smiled at her daughter's simplicity. "Well, why don't you show him what you can do, Jean?" she replied. "He doesn't know that you have been taking a course in domestic science and are already quite proficient. Why not surprise him?"

"That's a perfectly splendid idea, mamma," Jean exclaimed. "Bob is coming to dinner tonight and I'll make the most elaborate cake imaginable. It will surely rival anything which Mrs. Rogers ever made."

So donning the largest apron available, Jean set about her task. True to her desire, the cake was indeed an elaborate affair, for every known ingredient necessary to the making of a perfect cake was used by Jean. "There," she exclaimed, as she admiringly put the finishing touches to the dainty pink and white frosting, "if that doesn't beat Bob's mother's cakes then I'm greatly mistaken." She was quite beside herself, for the cake was a grand success and one of which any girl might well be proud. She could picture Bob munching a piece of the toothsome dainty. "Won't he be surprised and delighted," she thought. So the cake was put away for safe keeping and Jean proceeded to busy herself about the house.

The day passed very quickly and, glancing at the clock, she realized that she had just about an hour in which to dress for dinner. Donning her favorite blue frock, she was about to proceed down stairs when suddenly she became aware of the fact that something was missing. "Oh, my ring! Where could I have put it?" she exclaimed. After a very careful search of her favorite hiding places she failed to find any trace of the lost treasure. Soon she had the whole household transformed into a searching party, but all without avail. The ring could not be found.

"Oh, what shall I do?" bemoaned Jean. "I can never tell Bob I have lost it; he would think it so careless of me. I'm sure I had it this morning," she continued. "But in my foolish pride and excitement over that horrid cake I lost it. I just hate the old cake now!"

All of course, were in sympathy with her; but when one has lost her treasured engagement ring it is hard to be consoled.

In due course of time Bob arrived, and to all outward appearances Jean was immensely happy. "What if he should miss it from my finger," she soliloquized. The thought caused her some concern, but she quietly dismissed it, hoping against hope that such a thing would not come to pass.

The dinner progressed very favorably, and finally the cake was brought forth. Bob was greatly impressed with its tempting appearance, and Jean promptly explained that she had made it especially for him and expressed the hope that he would like it. He was, of course, anxious to sample Jean's cooking and a very generous portion was served him.

Jean was quite elated, and was waiting anxiously for the words of praise which she knew she was sure to receive. Great was her surprise, however, as she glanced up at Bob to see a distressed look on his face. "Why, what's the trouble? Is there anything the matter with the cake?" Jean anxiously inquired. All eyes were immediately on Bob.

"No, not at all," he assured her. "Only I struck something rather hard, and presently he drew forth a portion of the cake in which was imbedded nothing less than Jean's cherished ring. Poor Bob; he looked both mystified and embarrassed. But Jean at once cleared up the situation. "Oh, my precious ring!" she rapturously exclaimed. "Why, how did it ever get into that cake?" Instantly she remembered removing it from her finger before commencing to bake the cake, and concluded that in some mysterious way it must have dropped into the mixture.

Great mirth followed and Jean joined the merriment, as she realized her terrible blunder, despite her efforts to display her talents in the all-important line.

"But it wasn't such a bad cake after all, was it, Bob?" she fondly inquired, after the merriment had subsided. "Well, I should say not," he replied; "it was a perfect jewel of a cake, but," he continued, "I'm afraid you will have to find a more economical recipe before we are married, because my salary would never warrant diamond flavored cakes."

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Worm Turn.

"Doctor, I don't quite understand this bill you sent me."

"Well?"

"You have one item here, 'Professional services, \$5.' That's clear enough. But what's this other charge, 'Reading matter, 35 cents?' Is that a war tax?"

"No. That's to repay me for the magazine you carried off when you left my office."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

A Striking Combination of Black and White Is Successfully Combined in This Embroidered Tricotee Costume.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

PARTIAL TO LAMB

Armenians Make Meat Staple Article of Diet.

Methods of Preparing It Seem Strange to Those Accustomed to Western Cooking—Eggplant a Favorite Vegetable.

Lamb appears to be the basic item of the Armenian diet if one is to judge by the number of Armenian dishes in which it plays a part. No less than 23 ways of using this meat are given in a list of typical Armenian dishes prepared by an expert.

Roast lamb with matzoan sauce and lamb broiled whole are substantial features of Armenian banquets. Then there is boiled lamb, lamb roasted in paper, lamb roasted with tomato, whole spring lamb roasted, lamb stuffed with rice, steamed lamb, lamb broiled, hunter style; lamb grilled on skewers, braised lamb with wine sauce, braised lamb with currie, braised lamb with tomato sauce, braised lamb with onions and braised lamb in paper dishes seasoned with peas.

Kouzou knpamu is an elaborate lamb dish in which the meat is steamed with scallop and lettuce; kouzou guvey is lamb roasted in an earthen pot with rice and tomatoes.

Eggplant is a favorite Armenian vegetable which is often used with the lamb to make a delicious dish. Hunt-kibeyi is mashed eggplant and potted lamb; patjan cheop kebab is fried lamb and eggplant grilled on skewers; eggplant stewed in lamb broth and braised lamb and eggplant are other savory dishes.

All sorts of vegetables and even fruits are stewed in lamb broth to give them that richness which is a feature of the national taste in cooking. Fresh peas, artichokes, string beans, celery, leeks, spinach and quinces are mentioned in Armenian culinary lore as being the better for simmering slowly for some time in the lamb broth. A variation dish is nahnai, Turkish peas stewed with onions in lamb broth.

Ousoumli dolma is an elaborate Armenian dish, composed of mackerel stuffed with onions, pineapples and currants, fried in olive oil and served cold. Eggplant stuffed with rice and onions and cooked in olive oil is also served cold. Fnessouli pulaki is beans stewed with vegetables and olive oil and served cold.

Pineuts and currants are favorite ingredients of stuffing, appearing not only in the stuffed mackerel but also with rice as a stuffing for turkey in a dish called Hindi dolma. Harpoot keoffeh are delicious boiled meat balls prepared with cracked wheat and stuffed with meat, pineuts and currants. Stuffed vine leaves, yalanli dolman and yaprak sarma are other favorite dishes. The leaves of the grapevine are used for the outer wrappings of these vine. In the yalanli dolman rice and onions already cooked through are wrapped in the vine leaves and the whole again subjected to a slow simmering process in olive oil. In the yaprak sarma, the rice and meat are cooked together or, rather, the rice is cooked in a rich stock and then wrapped in the vine leaves and simmered in oil.

The names of these Armenian dishes cannot be translated according to their sound, for hashlama is not an effort to orientalize the well-known boarding house brand of lamb hash, but phlo boiled lamb, and shish kebab instead of being a Turkish form of TNT, is a mild and savory dish of lamb grilled on skewers.

Making Thrift Compulsory.

In the police courts of New York state it is getting to be a common practice to sentence minor offenders to a term of saying, and in Syracuse last year \$5,000 was invested in this way in War Savings stamps, all later returned to the men or used to help their families. At Niagara Falls, when David Broderick was placed on probation six months ago and ordered to give the probation officer \$12 a week for War Savings stamps, he complained bitterly. At the end of six months he received \$230.50 worth of stamps, and he voluntarily placed himself on indefinite probation, promising to bring \$10 a week to continue his savings investment.

Outguessed Him.

Pauline Lord went to call on William Harris, Jr., agent an engagement just before he set sail for Europe. "What's your salary?" demanded Harris, after the other details had been discussed. Miss Lord told him. "Ouch!" decried the manager, wincing at the sum.

"Why, don't you think I'm worth it?" Miss Lord asked.

"Yes," admitted Harris, "but I didn't think you did."

Some Kicks.

"And you say the mule kicked you, Sam?"

"Deed he did, boss."

"How far did he kick you?"

"Waltcher mean, boss?"

"How far were you from him after he kicked you?"

"Does you mean how far was I from him after he kicked me de first or de ins' time, boss?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Land for National Forests.

To date the national forest reservation commission has approved for purchase 1,751,115 acres for national forest purposes in the mountain areas of the eastern national forests.

The Formula.

Of dancers it may be observed that when they are barefooted they are aesthetic, and when they do not wear any clothes to speak of they are interpretative, the two together combining and make them classical.—New Bedford Standard.

VERMIN OLD PEST OF ARMIES

Reference to Them Found in Writings of the Romans, and in English Literature.

The newspapers have had much to say about the "dehousing" of the returning troops. Philip Hale writes in the Boston Herald. The word is not a pretty one and it is not to be found in the dictionaries, but the war has brought with it many new words, some of which will disappear, some of which will soon be regarded as orthodox and of good and regular standing.

No soldier need be ashamed of necessary submission to the process. It may console him to recall the case of Thomas Otway, an Oxford man, the author of "Venice Preserved" and "The Orphan." As a cornet in a regiment of horse, he joined in 1675 the army under Monmouth in Flanders. It was reported that he came back from Flanders "mangy and covered with vermin." Rochester taunted him with this in his "Session of the Poets." It should also be remembered that when the troops were disbanded and recalled, the money voted by the commons for their payment was misappropriated. The soldiers were paid only by debentures, and the credit of these was so low that they were hardly salable.

It was observed in the sixteenth century that "lice cometh also of the cloth that is trained in the wool with the fat or grease of a horse or of a swine, and therefore the northern cloths worn of a sweating body do breed lice in 12 hours." The "humor" of an individual had much to do with the character of the pest. Lice generated of sanguine humor were red and great; of phlegmatic, white; of choleric, yellow, long, swift and sharp; of melancholic, ashen colored, lean and slow in moving. Anyone of these pests "grieveth more in the skin with the feet and with creeping, than he doth with biting." . . . And the learner that a louse is, the sharper she bitteth and grieveth." There were many approved remedies even in the elder Pliny's time, thus: "The old skin or slough that snakes do cast off in the spring, whosever drinketh in his ordinary drink, it will kill all the vermin of the body within three days."

Story of a Dog.

"Marathon races in the woods will never become universal for the reason that speed and stamina like that of Buell Crannell's dog are not universal in the four-footed hunters," says Warwick S. Carpenter, secretary of the conservation commission. "Mr. Crannell lives at West Glens Falls, and while hunting near there recently his dog picked up a fox track. The dog was picked up next day near Cranberry lake, more than seventy miles away."

"Accounts do not state whether the dog was still going strong or whether he might have taken the fox back to Mr. Crannell, but simply that identification of the dog was made by the conservation commission license tag and that Mr. Crannell went after the dog."

"The moral of all this is that if one owns a dog good enough to run a fox through two counties she should surely be protected by an identification disk."—New York Times.

Salutes.

Some clever Englishman, commenting on French politeness, once remarked that when a Frenchman bows, two-thirds of the bow is to himself. That may be true, and we have to admit that even the other third is quite a fraction more than most Anglo-Saxons offer.

Saluting is the same proposition. A snappy salute pulled by a buck to the most second of second lieutenants draws heavy interest; and the colonel who jerks his hand a few centimeters from his still affixed cigar is only insulting himself and the army.

If some privates were a little more polite to themselves, the saluting trap never would be sprung and the jee would all be on the other side of the military fence.—Stars and Stripes.

Something Worth While.

Rankin—I never was so disappointed in my life!

Phyle—What's the trouble?

"In the city the other day I saw an aquatic exhibition advertised—"

"Yes—"

"And I immediately bought tickets."

"You were disappointed?"

"Yes, all I saw was a lot of men in diving suits."

"But what did you expect in an aquatic exhibition?"

"Girls in bathing suits, at least."—Youngstown Telegram.

Saved Venus de Milo From Hung.

M. Heron de Villefosse, the eminent French archeologist, whose death has just taken place, was for many years head of the Greek and Roman sculpture department of the Louvre. Twice in his career he had to superintend the removal of that priceless art treasure the Venus de Milo to a place of safety—in 1870, and again in 1914. In each case the same enemy was concerned. Heron de Villefosse was seventy-four years old.

Going to Look Him Up.

"That fellow Gipping called me 'Old Silenus,'" remarked Mr. Jaggard. "He seemed to think I a great joke."

"What are you going to do about it?"

"I haven't decided yet. I have forgotten about all I ever knew about Silenus, but I have an idea that he was neither a pillar in the church nor an ornament to society."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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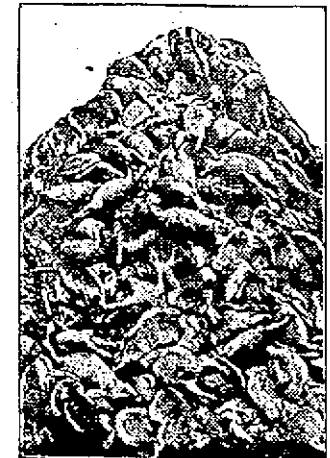
DESTROYING PRAIRIE DOGS TO SAVE CROPS

Organized Operations Conducted
in New Mexico.

Nearly 5,000 Land Owners Took Active
Part in Work—Cost for Treatment
of Range Land Less Than
4 Cents an Acre.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Organized poisoning operations were extended over 1,231,297 prairie-dog-infested acres in New Mexico last year under the co-operative war measure work of the biological survey of the United States department of agriculture, the New Mexico state council of defense, and the extension service of the New Mexico college of agriculture. This included the protection of 212,092 acres of crops in all parts of the state, nearly 5,000 land owners taking active part in the work. The expenditures of the federal and state governments and of co-operators totaled less than \$60,000. The actual cost for the treatment of range land was less than 4 cents an acre. If average crop returns in New Mexico be placed as low as \$20 an acre, the saving in crops alone for this one season is approximately \$500,000. To this should be



New Mexico Practiced Poison Control
on 1,231,297 Acres Against Prairie
Dogs Last Year.

added the benefit from the destruction of prairie dogs on over a million acres of range and the consequent increased value in crops and forage for seasons to come. Better organization will result from the experiences of last year, and the biological survey and the authorities in New Mexico are in a position to push much more vigorously the work of clearing the state of prairie dogs. Economy and effectiveness have been increased through recent improvements in poisoning methods and, with the help of legislative measures and the hearty co-operation of all ranchmen, it is hoped that the prairie dog will be entirely eradicated before many years.

SELECT POTATOES FOR SEED

Grower Cannot Expect to Get Maximum Yields From Inferior Stock—Best Time at Harvest.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

The custom of using seed potatoes left from the previous season's crop, after having disposed of the best, must be discontinued if the present quality and yield of the crop is to be materially improved, say specialists of the United States department of agriculture. The grower cannot expect to get maximum yields from inferior seed stock any more than the dairyman can expect to get maximum milk yields from scrub cows. The best time to select seed potatoes, according to the specialists, is in the fall when the crop is being harvested. Then the yield of the individual plant and the quality of the tubers can be considered.

Good seed is pure in respect to the variety; is produced by healthy, vigorous, heavy-yielding plants grown under favorable climatic conditions; is somewhat immature; reasonably uniform in size and shape; firm and sound. The first sprouts should begin to develop at planting time.

STERILIZATION IS NECESSARY

Washing of Dairy Utensils by Process Ordinarily Used Is Not Always Sufficient.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Sterilization of dairy utensils is necessary for the production of dairy products of high quality, particularly milk and cream, because the washing of dairy utensils, at least by the process ordinarily used, is not sufficient to insure freedom from infection and contamination.

POULTRY FACTS

WHITE LEGHORN IS POPULAR

Most Widely Kept of Egg Breeds—Markets Prefer White Eggs and Pay Premium for Them.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Egg production doubtless is the leading branch of poultry keeping, and, in addition, is a very important agricultural activity. According to the last census the eggs produced in the United States in 1909 numbered more than 1,591,000,000 dozens, with a value of more than \$300,000,000. Eggs, of course, are produced wherever chickens are kept, and by far, the greater part of the egg crop comes from the general farm, yet large so-called egg farms have been developed with the main purpose of producing eggs for market. The largest of these egg farms and the greater number of them are located near markets which pay a premium for white eggs; and for this reason, together with the fact that eggs are primarily desired, the breeds kept are those known as the



Splendid Flock of White Leghorns.

egg breeds, such as the Leghorn, Campine, Minorca and Auvergne. The Single Comb White Leghorn is undoubtedly the most popular and the most widely kept variety of the egg breeds. These breeds, comprise the Mediterranean and Continental classes, as given in the American Standard of Perfection. The egg breeds frequently are found on general farms also, particularly in those sections near markets preferring a white egg, and where considerable flocks of poultry are kept.

TURKEYS ON GENERAL FARMS

These Birds, as a Rule, Are Raised in Small Flocks Where Range Is Plentiful.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Many turkeys are raised in Texas, as well as a considerable number in Mississippi and Alabama and in western Florida. As a general proposition these birds are raised in small flocks on general farms, where plenty of range is available. Under such conditions they usually yield a profitable income. Not many ducks are raised in the South, but considerable interest is displayed in geese production, while guinea also are raised on many farms. Guinea eggs are used on the home table, as well as being marketed, but as a rule the guineas are allowed to run wild and are not produced on any scale for market purposes.

SUMMER FEEDS FOR CHICKS

Fowls in Confinement Must Be Supplied With Abundance of Green Feed and Meat or Milk.

Chicks and fowls in confinement during the hot weather must have lots of green food and meat or milk, or both. If they are on free range they can obtain much of their meat food in the form of bugs and worms and can add to their variety of grain the various vegetable growths that they obtain by foraging. This is equally true of the fowls.

POULTRY NOTES

Keep the house and yard clean.

Give a heavier feed of grain in the evening.

Keep poultry free from lice and the house free from mites.

Feed grain in straw or other litter to make the hens scratch for it.

Grow green crops in the poultry yards if they are not in permanent sod.

If you have had little or no experience in poultry keeping, start in a small way. Then increase as your experience and success warrant.

Don't let roosters run with the hens after the breeding season is over. The hens will lay just as well and the eggs will be fertile and will keep better.

Just a Suggestion.

Maybe this hint from the pen of Oscar Wilde will be found worth a moment's notice by the peace delegates: "As long as war is regarded as wicked it will always have its fascinations. When it is looked upon as vulgar it will cease to be popular."—Boston Transcript.

PLAN FOR FIGHT ON CANE BORER

Parasites From Tropical Countries Offer Best Means of Destroying Pests.

CONFINED TO THREE REGIONS

Insects Reduce Yield of Sugar in Varying Measure, Averaging About 20 Per Cent—Feed on Other Plants Than Sugar Cane.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Importation of parasites from Cuba and other tropical countries offers the most hopeful method of ridding the sugar-cane growing region of the United States of the sugar-cane moth borer, or at least of keeping it under control and reducing the injury from it.

Damage in Three Regions.

The sugar-cane moth borer in the United States is confined to three isolated regions, closely conforming to the areas of large commercial plantings of sugar cane—southern Louisiana, southern Florida, and the extreme southern tip of Texas. Throughout those regions it reduces the yield of sugar in varying measure, averaging, perhaps, about 20 per cent. The chief damage results from the larva tunneling lengthwise through the mature cane, not killing it, but injuring it severely, retarding its growth, and subjecting it to the fungous disease known as red rot. A measure of damage follows larval attacks upon very young plants, resulting in what is known as dead hearts.

The moth borer feeds on a number of plants other than sugar cane, rendering usual methods of control extraordinarily difficult and, for the most part, not efficacious. Experiments in poisoning, attraction to light traps, and the like have not proved effective. Five definite recommendations are made, however, other than the introduction of parasites.

How to Fight Pests.

Scraps of cane left about the factory and derelicts after the grinding season should be destroyed, probably by burning, and cans in which cane is shipped should be kept free of such scraps. Seed cane should be planted in the fall and kept as deeply covered as practicable. Cane for shipment beyond the infested area should be selected so as to obtain it free from borers or, if this is impracticable, it should be soaked for at least an hour



Banish the Borer From the Sugar Cane Fields.

in Bordeaux mixture or a solution of nicotine sulphate previous to shipment. The "trash," "leaves," or "chucks" left on the fields after cutting should not be burned but should be lightly covered with earth in the fall and plowed out in the spring. The cutting out of "dead hearts," and dead plants is said to be theoretically sound practice and, where an abundance of cheap labor is obtainable, might be recommended.

It is pointed out that the introduction of parasites has proved effective in Hawaii, and that experiments in the United States have given promising results. If the introduction of beneficial parasites can be undertaken it should be done on a large scale, and it would be advisable to station two men in Cuba to collect the parasites, and one in Louisiana to receive and ultimately to release them on the plantations.

KILL SQUIRREL-TAIL GRASS

Weed Can Be Eradicated by Preventing It From Producing Seed—It Is Harmful to Stock.

Squirrel-tail grass or wild barley is a bad weed. It helps spread the rust of wheat and oats which has been found on it every year for 30 years in Iowa, and it is injurious to stock, and especially horses. The awns pierce the mucous membrane of the mouth causing irritation and finally ulceration of the jawbones and teeth. The wild barley can be exterminated by keeping it from producing seed. This is simple enough, but it is often difficult to do on land that cannot be plowed or mowed.—North Dakota Agricultural College.

Biblical Lilies.

The "lilies of the field," so often mentioned in the Bible, are thought to be the red and purple, particularly the red anemones with black centers. These anemones grow among the thorn hedges in the East, which accounts for the saying, "lilies among thorns."

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Knowlton Family Shrinks From No Publicity in Pointing Out Markets to Be Patronized.

The Knowlton family is increasing here.

Members of this large and important branch of the human family seem to have decided that there is no place in the world quite so fine as the national capital, judging from the large number of these busybody folk to be heard in the streets, offices and other places.

You will know a Knowlton whenever you hear him or her. It will be a mild-mannered little man discussing at great length and in a loud voice—always loud—the proper solution of the question of world peace.

It will be a very young man who understands tactics, logistics and all the other branches of the military art from A to Z, and who does not hesitate to offer free advice—at several thousand miles distance—to General Foch, General Pershing et al.

It will be a young woman who is quite sure—in fact, doubt never enters her head—that she is eminently qualified to speak—and, of course, loudly—upon all points of domestic economy. She gives mother and grandmother pointers on how to cook and sew and sweep, and knows all the best methods for taking care of babies.

It will be—but what is the use? All that is possible is to mention a few, and listen to the others.—Washington Star.

WHAT WAS THERE TO SAY?

Simple Prank of Fate That Caused Embarrassment Surely Hard Thing to Explain Away.

The minister of a certain small town Indiana church recently held a number of meetings for his young men members, in which he warned them against being frivolous in the choice of wives, etc. "Modest young women should always be chosen," he quoted and then delivered a heavy tirade against the prevailing short skirts and silk stockings.

Several of the young girls were rather indignant and avoided the minister for a time. But one day as he was coming home from shopping for his wife he met two who at first were rather cold, but as the conversation progressed became distinctly amused and finally departed giggling. The younger one fired this final retort: "I'm glad you changed your mind on some things, Reverend T—."

The minister wondered on that last speech all the way home. Then he repeated it to his wife. She looked at him closely and then burst out laughing. "No wonder," she exclaimed, and held up for him to see the magazine he was carrying.

Some way in packing his bundles together he had turned it inside out and there, facing the young women, had been an advertisement of very fancy rose-colored silk stockings on a very beautiful model.—Indianapolis News.

He Wanted to Know.

A well-known St. Louis society woman has some very interesting and intelligent grandchildren, and this is the story she tells upon herself. Her little grandson, looking puzzled, said to her: "Grandmother, how does it come that your name is Brown and father's name is Smith, when you are his mother?" These are, of course, not the names, but they will do for the story.

"I'll explain, dear," said grandmother. "You see, I had several names. First my name was White, then I married your father's father, Mr. Smith, and I became Mrs. Smith, and that is your father's name. Then he died and I married Mr. Brown."

"And where is Mr. Brown?" asked the child.

"He is dead, too," said grandmother.

"Then what will be the name of the next man you will marry?"

"Well, I couldn't say right off," said grandmother. "I'll have to think about that."

Why Not Raise More Sheep?

The fur that warms a monarch warmed the bear. But the wool that warms a sheep makes two good spits for a man.

Only one sheep in twelve living today is an American sheep, although Americans require a quarter of all the fleeces every year.

Farmers and ranchers could double their flocks and still they would not supply enough wool for our home use, declares "Grain" in the Philadelphia Press. We need in the United States more than a sheep for every person, and that accounts partly for your dear lamb chops and leg of mutton.

But it isn't expensive wool alone that boosts the price of your new spring suit.

The wool in a \$50 suit stands the maker less than a tenth of what you pay for it.

University to Teach Business Methods.

Four new professorships are to be established at Edinburgh university, i. e., zoology, forestry, psychiatry (mental diseases), and accounting and business methods. The salaries in the first-named two have been fixed at \$5,000 and in the other two at \$3,500. The sum of \$75,000 has been raised by a number of citizens in Edinburgh and Leith (Scotland), to endow the chair of accounting and business methods. It is also understood that funds for a lectureship in another branch of commerce are about to be provided by the same subscribers.—Trade Commissioner H. G. Brock, London.

Flea in Amber.

The history of the flea would seem to go back many centuries, but the only fossil remains of a flea that have so far been found is a single insect in a bit of Baltic amber. The flea is admirably preserved by its semi-transparent surroundings, and is in the collection of Professor Ciba.

MUST WEAR DARK CLOTHES

Strict Rule for Employees in Factories Where Work Is Done in Gold.

Clothes of a light color are not favorites where work is done on gold. In fact, in many such factories a dark suit of clothes is absolutely demanded, and even a light waistcoat may lose a man a job. The reason for this is that any stray grains of gold that may get on the clothing can easily be caught on a dark suit, while they might get away from the establishment if light clothes were worn.

That such a rule was enforced among gold workers one man learned recently when a Bohemian gold beater applied to him for a helping hand. The Bohemian said that he had not been in this country long, that he had had a chance to obtain a good job at his trade, but that the place had been refused him because he turned up with a light suit and waistcoat on, and they were the only clothes he had.

The man whom he approached was struck by the story and offered to help him out if it proved true. He went to a factory with him and found out that the man could have the job if he presented himself within an hour clad in the proper 'clothes.' So a suit of desired kind was obtained for him and sure enough he got the job.

"You may think this is strange," said the foreman of the factory, "but it means quite a lot to us. Every man's clothing is carefully examined when he leaves the place at night and the gold is brushed off whenever we see any on his clothing. It is impossible to hide even tiny grains on a dark background, but in the case of a mixed or a light suit we might easily lose quite an amount of gold, and gold isn't anything you want to lose even in small quantities."

Strasbourg to Honor De L'Isle.

It is a pleasant detail in the coming erection of a memorial at Strasbourg to Rouget de L'Isle and his "Chant de guerre de l'armée du Rhin," which became "La Marseillaise," that the chairman of the committee in charge bears the name and is a direct descendant of Mayor Dietrich, in whose house the song was first sung. Little enough when De L'Isle composed it did he foresee either that his song would provide inspiration for a French revolution or that that would bring him a permanent memorial in a Strasbourg that had passed out of French possession and come back again. The author himself suffered both by loss of his commission and by imprisonment, first because the adoption of his song by the Revolution made him suspected of revolutionary beliefs by what power still remained to the older government, and later because his lack of enthusiasm for the revolution made him an object of an attack by the new leaders.

Porpoise Killed Shark.

How a bottle-nosed dolphin, a porpoise commonly called the seahog, slew a 6-foot shark, is described by Galveston (Texas) fishermen, who say they witnessed the killing from the causeway which connects Galveston Island with the mainland.

The seahog, according to the books, is a "most sociable and gregarious fish," but those fishermen declared there was nothing sociable about this dolphin. When the shark was within a few feet of the porpoise the fishermen saw the seahog charge, a gray streak in the water. It struck the shark squarely amidships, they declare, ripped it open and then tore the body into pieces.

The theory of the fishermen is that the porpoise fought to protect its single young one, which the shark was menacing.

His Caddie's Advice.

Clergyman (playing at historic St. Andrew's for the first time, to caddie)—What is that yawning abyss in the distance, caddie?

Caddie—That's hell, sir.

Clergyman—Indeed! What a name to give a bunker!

Caddie—You see, sir, it's called hell because yince ye get in 'ya canna get out.

Clergyman (after playing and landing in the bunker calls for his niblick and plays a good shot out of the bunker)—What have you got to say to that now?

Caddie—A' that I have to say, sir, is when we dee tux' yer niblick wi' ye.—Portland Telegram.

Slang Is a Necessity.

"My friend," said the fussy old gentleman, "why do you say you must 'toddle along?' You are in the prime of life and walk with the easy tread of a banker."

"Sir," said the facetious citizen, "if everybody were as particular about the choice of words as you are, book reviewers would write up baseball games and heckling the umpire would become a lost art."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Prevalence of Deafness.

The last census showed that there are in the United States \$287 persons who are totally deaf. Dr. Wendell C. Phillips of New York told the Philadelphia College of Physicians recently that in New York city there are at least 100,000 persons more or less incapacitated as a result of partial deafness, and of these probably 80 per cent are of the working class.

Prices for Canadian Wool.

The average value of unwashed wool a pound in Canada was 62 cents to producers in 1918 and 50 cents in 1917; washed, 80 cents in 1918 and 75 cents in 1917.

Optimistic Thought.

We have many days for thanksgiving in our pilgrimage.

Children Cry FOR FLETCHER'S CASTORIA

PROPERLY PROUD OF HOTEL

Citizens of Alexandria, La., Have Right to Boast of Their Magnificent Caravanary.

Alexandria, La., is known throughout the South as the little town with the big hotel. Strangers always remark the incongruity of the metropolitan edifice apparently fallen by accident into this quiet little place.

It seems that in Alexandria's ante-hotel days, a wealthy man and his small dog were stopping at the town inn. One day the innkeeper and guest had a lively argument over the dog. Its owner replied that he and his dog would not be among those present at the inn in the future and departed proudly, intimating darkly that the innkeeper would be sorry. He then made good his threat by building a hotel such as Alexandria had never dreamed of seeing, and here dog and master took up their residence and gathered to themselves all the transient trade of the town.

"Alexandria wears its hotel proudly," a trifle self-consciously. It is the show place of the town and its assertive stone grandeur commands respect and deference. A town that boasts a hotel including marble halls ending in a grand staircase and a Spanish patio adorned with a fountain as an extra attraction must assume an air of dignity in keeping with its importance.

Alexandria's other claim to notice is the fact that only a few years ago the Louisiana legislature conducted a series of spirited arguments as to the removal of the state capital from Baton Rouge to Alexandria. In the end Alexandria lost out and was forced to console itself with the fame it acquired from its big hotel.

EXPLAINS CAUSE OF MYOPIA

Physician Asserts It Is Caused by Obstruction of Outflow of Lymph, Due to Muscular Effort.

The assumption that close application is the cause of myopia or near-sightedness is not regarded as a satisfactory explanation. In a recent number of the Lancet the theory is advanced by Dr. Ethridge Green that the primary and essential cause is an obstruction of the outflow of the lymph. The obstruction may be produced by severe muscular effort, such as lifting heavy weights, when a feeling of tension is always experienced in the eyes, which, appear, in extreme cases, to be starting from the head. This is more especially the cause of progressive myopia among warehouse men, porters and others whose work involves excessive effort, while with those engaged in sedentary occupations the form of exercise taken may be responsible, as, wrestling, rowing, digging and also coughing. Thus when signs of commencing myopia appear anything likely to increase the intraocular tension should be avoided. There is no need to avoid reading.

House of Presidents.

In connection with the efforts to restore the birthplace of Theodore Roosevelt, at 28 East Twentieth street, New York, it is recalled that an attempt was made several years ago to acquire the old house in which President James Monroe died. The project never got beyond the placing in 1905 of a memorial tablet on the house.

The old house, one of the archaic structures in the city, and much the worse through years of neglect, is on the northwest corner of Lafayette and Prince streets. For years the lower portion was used as a junk shop. It still presents the characteristics of the well-to-do residence during the early part of the last century—three stories high, with dormer windows protruding from the attic. The house was built by Samuel L. Gouverneur, who married one of Monroe's daughters.

The Green-Eyed Monster.

Europe's growing jealousy of America is revealing itself more plainly every day. Even France is not immune from the propaganda of the green-eyed monster, for Le Matin, one of the largest and most influential of Paris newspapers, has come forward with the assertion that the jazz band idea did not originate in the United States, but that French cuts were trained to emit the same kind of discords more than a century ago. We expect to be informed next that the Declaration of Independence was copied from a French almanac, and that Abraham Lincoln's famous Gettysburg oration won second prize at a French high school commencement in the era of Louis XIV.

Where Gasoline Can't Go.

The automobile may have won at Verdun, says the billets and remounts division, but the horse has won more victories than he has hairs on his topknot—for, say they, no victory could have been attained, no push could have succeeded, unless the horse was on the job to pull the guns forward, to take up the rations, the water, the ammunition, through mud where trucks could not go, or over shell-swept ground equally impassable for the gasoline vehicle.—Stars and Stripes.

To Take Unclaimed Deposits.

English banks have \$500,000,000 of unclaimed deposits which the government proposes to take over, for use in meeting public expenses, holding it liable to the owners who may claim the money at any future time. A bill before parliament provides that every bank shall report all deposits and securities that have remained unclaimed for six years.

Oiling Machines.

Many women oil their own machines frequently and carefully, as they should, but they forget to put a big drop of oil once a month in each end of the treadle. The machine runs with one-third the expenditure of effort if this is regularly done.

Historical and Genealogical Notes and Queries.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1919

QUERIES.

10432. PERRY—I am desirous of information concerning a Samuel Perry, Jr., of South Kingston, who was born about 1770-1772 and by copy of record from town clerk of Kingston he was married Dec. 11, 1783, to Sarah Peckham. His father was James Perry, late of South Kingston in County of Washington, yeoman, dec'd, and Sarah was daughter of Timothy Peckham (son of Benjamin, late of South Kingston). I have copy of a deed from Samuel Perry, Jr., and Sarah to John Tucker of 100 acres in this town, dated Nov. 29, 1791. Marcy Perry describes herself as mother of Samuel and widow of James and releases her dower in this deed to Tucker. In this deed Jr. is omitted in several places but is signed Jr. and so acknowledged before Freeman Perry, Justice.

In 1792 this Samuel Perry, Jr., moved to South Windham, Conn., and I have copy of deed of the farm he bought. I would like to learn more of this Perry and of his father, James, whose wife was Marcy.—B. C. P.

BLOCK ISLAND

(From our regular correspondent)

Checker Club Opens

The Old Harbor Chess and Checker Club officially inaugurated their 1919-1920 season last Thursday night when they held their annual election of officers in their quarters on Main street.

The election was followed by an Oriental banquet, which was served by a Japanese chef, until recently in the restaurant business in Providence. The menu consisted of Chop suey and chicken chow mein besprinkled with a few side issues characteristic of the culinary artists hailing from the Flowery Kingdom.

The following officers were elected for the coming year:

- President—Wm. Burl Sharp.
- Vice President—Giles P. Dunn, Jr.
- Secretary—Henry X. Heinz.
- Board of Directors—F. Earle Lockwood, C. Elmer Dodge, Joseph P. Mallof, Leon A. Tabbutt.
- Refreshment Committee—John Milikin, John McDonald, Capt. Robert Mitchell, Arthur S. Rose.

The Club will, as in former years, hold regular weekly meetings on Thursday nights on which occasions the Refreshment Committee will provide for the inner man. Later on the Ladies' Society will organize and joint social programs will be enjoyed Saturday evenings, the men being guests on these occasions.

Eastern Stars Hold Installation

Manisses Chapter No. 11, Order of the Eastern Star, held its annual election of officers at Masonic Hall, High street, last Thursday evening, followed by installation by the Grand Officers. The Grand Officers present were Grand Matron Mrs. Charles Sherman, Central Falls; Grand Patron W. E. Smyth, East Providence; Grand Marshal Mrs. J. Ward, Providence; Grand Chaplain Mrs. Elizabeth Bradley, Providence. Visitors from Grand Lodge, Mr. J. Ward, Mr. Charles Sherman.

The following officers of Manisses Chapter were elected and installed:

- Worthy Matron—Mrs. Alma S. Sharp.
- Worthy Patron—F. Earle Lockwood.
- Associate Matron—Mrs. Eunice Dodge.
- Conductress—Mrs. Ella M. Lockwood.
- Assistant Conductress—Mrs. Haxel Lockwood.
- Secretary—William P. Lewis.
- Treasurer—Mrs. Mary Dunn.
- Chaplain—Wm. Burl Sharp.
- Warder—Miss Gladys Steadman.
- Sentinel—Lester Littlefield.
- Marshal—Frank Hayes.
- Ruth—Miss Hattie Hayes.
- Ester—Mrs. Mary Sprague.

Trustee for 3 years—Dwight A. Dunn.

Following the installation ceremonies a lobster salad supper was served in the banquet hall.

Addison Rose and Frank Austin went to New London last Monday as delegates from the James Ormsbee Chapter to the New England Flounder Association's Convention.

Miss Betsey Littlefield, daughter of former Senator J. Eugene Littlefield, and Miss Katherine Payne, daughter of the late J. Elmer Payne, will attend the Howard Seminary at West Bridgewater, Mass., this fall.

Miss Rubie Willis has just returned from a two weeks' auto trip to the mountains of New Hampshire and Vermont, as a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wirshing and family.

Mrs. Leslie H. Dodge and Mrs. F. Earle Lockwood will spend the next two weeks in Colchester Vermont, as guests of Mrs. Lockwood's sister, Mrs. Vincent Stetson.

Councilman William B. Sharp sent to the Adjutant General's office last Monday, a sealed bid on the hydroplane which is being sold by the National guard at the State Armory. The plane is what is known as a Curtiss Flying Boat and was donated to the State during the late war. Should Mr. Sharp fail to secure the above plane, negotiations have been made with the Gallaudet Airplane Corporation of East Greenwich, who will furnish him with a large naval seaplane and give him a thorough course of instruction in aviation.

Mr. Forster Lardner, assistant manager of the new Albee theatre in Providence, entertained Mrs. Leslie Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. Earle Lockwood, Councilman Wm. Burl Sharp of Block Island and Dr. and Mrs. Ralph F. Lockwood of Lakewood, at the theatre last Monday evening. At the con-

clusion of the performance, Mr. Lardner conducted his guests through the theatre, inspecting the various private dressing rooms, managers' apartments and finally onto the stage, explaining in detail the electrical and scenic mechanism, which is said to be the last word in theatrical equipment. Mr. Lardner and his family spend their summers at the Gables on Block Island.

Mr. Charles Allen returned to his home, the Allenwood, on Block Island, last Tuesday, after a brief business trip to New York and Philadelphia.

The Misses Sarah and Inez Allen, together with Dr. James Hubbard, are enjoying a two weeks' auto trip through the White Mountains.

PORTSMOUTH

(From our regular correspondent)

A pretty wedding took place at Pine Knoll, the summer home of Dr. and Mrs. W. C. Stoddard, when their daughter, Miss Helen Lincoln Stoddard, was united in marriage to Mr. James B. Spencer of East Greenwich, R. I. The ceremony, which was performed by Rev. Robert R. White of the First Presbyterian Church, took place on the piazza, which was decorated with golden red, black-eye Susans and white daisies. The bride's wedding gown was of white satin with long train. Her veil was trimmed with jasmine and she carried a bouquet of bridal roses and lilies of the valley. The matron of honor was Mrs. Charles H. Ward of Middletown, sister of the bride who wore her own wedding gown with a black picture hat and corsage bouquet of sweet peas. Mr. R. Spencer of East Greenwich, brother of the groom, acted as best man. An informal reception followed, being held in the house, which was decorated in pink and white. Mr. and Mrs. Spencer received many valuable presents, among which was a considerable sum of money. After the reception Mr. and Mrs. Spencer left on their honeymoon, although none knew where they would spend it. Upon their return they will reside in East Greenwich.

A new location of zones has been decided upon by the Newport division of the Bay State Railway Company. The zone terminal will be at the Fair Grounds from the Middletown-Portsmouth line, and the next zone ends at Tallman's switch, making three zones in Portsmouth where there was formerly two zones.

Mrs. Byron Randall has suffered a slight shock and is partially paralyzed at the home of her sister, Miss Fannie T. Clarke.

The body of a man, believed to be that of Jesse Washington, the colored motion picture actor, who was drowned in Newport harbor was found off the south side of Prudence Island on Sunday. The remains were reviewed by Dr. Bertram W. Storrs, medical examiner of this town.

Mr. Reginald C. Vanderbilt is spending the week-end at Sandy Point Farm.

Bristol Ferry Inn at Bristol Ferry has closed for the winter, after a very successful season.

Mrs. Howard Sherman of Fall River has gone to Texas with her child to visit her grandparents, both her maternal and paternal grandparents residing there. Mr. Sherman has been guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Warren R. Sherman of this town.

Miss Hazel Dale of Newport, formerly of this town, has gone to New Jersey to enter a nurses' training school.

Several parties from this town motored to the Fair which was held at the head of Westport, and pronounced it a very good little fair.

SEX IS NO HANDICAP.

Doctor Says it is Unfair to Claim Equality and Accept Favors.

New York.—Women were accused of not "playing fair" for trying to hold on to privileges granted because of weakness and dependence while at the same time asserting the doctrine of equality with men in an address delivered before the International Conference of Women Physicians by Dr. Clotia Mosher. Dr. Mosher declared the old idea that being a woman was a handicap must be given up.

D'ANNUNZIO DEFIANT.

"I Am Absolute Master of Fiume," Writes Poet.

Rome.—"We build at Fiume a new Italy," says Gabriele d'Annunzio in a message he sent to Venice. "I am absolute master of Fiume, Triumphant, I remain in the face of all."

The Rome newspapers regret the tone of the message, saying it tends to destroy the unity of the kingdom.

It is stated Fiume, against which a blockade is now in operation, has provisions only for 30 days.

Camouflage Would Save Ship.

A submarine can spot a ship five miles away, estimate its course, submerge and later intercept it. But this ship might have a keel painted fifty feet down its side and the actual keel blocked out. This would give it the appearance of travelling in a course that was quite off the actual course. The calculations of the submarine would be quite wrong and the ship would not be intercepted at all. It would be saved by the deception of its camouflage.

Still in Wild State.

The neighbor's little boy came to play with baby Carol. After trying to play with her a while without much success he exclaimed, "Well, she isn't very tame, is she?"

World's Skating Record.

A skater in Stockholm, Sweden, has established a world's record by traveling 10 miles in 31 minutes 7 1/2 seconds, according to Popular Mechanics magazine.

Two Classes of Snobs.

You who are ashamed of your poverty, and blush for your calling, are a snob; as are you who boast of your pedigree, or are proud of your wealth.—Thackeray.

RED CROSS STARTS FALL CAMPAIGN

To Meet Need in Eastern Europe and Balkans

Refugee Clothing Must be Made Up and Shipped Before Cold Weather

To help meet the pressing need for clothing among the war sufferers of Europe next winter, especially in Poland, Siberia and the Balkans, New England Division Headquarters of the American Red Cross has announced a Fall program of production. The program is to be wholly on a volunteer basis, so there will be no quota, but Red Cross women who prefer sewing to other forms of volunteer work have been assured that there will be plenty for them to do.

American Red Cross commissions abroad, in an effort to fight the spread of disease, such as typhus, tuberculosis and influenza, are concentrating on medical relief, but to make the benefits of the medical service permanent, warm clothing and nourishing food are needed. The epidemics of typhus which swept over Eastern Europe last winter, and are still raging in Poland and Russia, took so large a toll of lives because the populations of these countries were underdressed and insufficiently clothed.

In Serbia but 5,000 children of the 35,000 who followed the Serbian Army in the retreat of 1915 are alive today, according to figures verified by Red Cross overseas workers. Statistics of human wastage in Poland and Siberia are equally appalling.

In order that garments may reach the people for whom they are intended before cold weather sets in, chapters, branches and auxiliaries in the New England Division have been asked by Division Manager James Jackson to decide at once whether they wish to take up production again. Material will be furnished Chapters from Division Headquarters, in Boston.

A substantial supply of clothing and petticoats, cut out ready to be made up, is now in the Division warehouse and these will be forwarded to Chapters desiring immediate work.

Accurate information on the need for clothing overseas has been furnished Red Cross officers by Miss Lavinia H. Newell, of Boston, Director of Chapter Production for both the National and New England Division organizations. Miss Newell went to France and from France into Serbia during the summer, travelling 400 miles by motor car from Belgrade to Nish, to investigate the production problem for the Red Cross.

The articles needed, Miss Newell reported, are as follows: women's house gowns, night gowns, chemises, skirts, aprons, shawls and petticoats; men's and boys' shirts, girls' one-piece dresses, chemises and petticoats, children's stockings; and afghans.

All materials for these garments, according to instructions issued by the Division Manager, must be ordered by chapters from the Division office, and distributed by them to their branches and auxiliaries which should return the finished articles to the chapters.

Provided garments are carefully inspected, chapters may ship them straight to the American Red Cross Clearing House, Pier 1, Hoboken, New Jersey. Otherwise they should be shipped to the New England Division Headquarters, American Red Cross, 108 Massachusetts avenue, Boston.

In her trip through Serbia and Northern France Miss Newell visited American Red Cross distributing stations and said that all the garments given out were absolutely satisfactory. "Nothing is wasted," she added. "Pajamas and hospital garments are being made over into children's suits and in some parts of the Balkans surgical dressings are being used for baby clothes."

NEW ENGLAND LED IN 2nd RED CROSS FUND

Ratio of Collections to Subscriptions Was 99.7 Per Cent

The New England Division of the American Red Cross, which includes the states of Maine, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, Vermont and Rhode Island, led all the other Red Cross Divisions in the percentage of money actually collected in the Second War Fund campaign, held in the summer of 1918.

The subscriptions secured in the New England Division in that campaign totalled \$11,402,725.11. Of this amount there has been collected \$11,377,554.97, or 99.7% of the subscriptions. This is within three-tenths of a 100% record.

In both the War Fund and Membership campaigns of the war period, the New England Division made a record to be proud of, and every Chapter and Branch in the Division will have this record as an incentive to succeed in the Third Red Cross Roll Call which will take place from November 2 to 11. The National organization is asking for \$15,000,000, the New England quota of which is \$1,320,000. No oversubscriptions is asked for on the National fund, but Chapters will ask for funds for their local programs. The principal emphasis this year will be placed on memberships. In the Roll Call of last December the New England Division secured approximately 1,500,000 members and every effort will be made to exceed this mark in November.

Recognize Value of Canals.

The canal system in China is the most extensive in the world, with the possible exception of Holland. Wherever the lay of the land permits the Chinese have made a canal. Thus they are enabled to carry the product of their labor to market at a minimum expense.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE NEWPORT NATIONAL BANK, at Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on September 12, 1919.

RESOURCES		DOLLARS	
Loans and discounts	279,021.40	Overdrafts secured and unsecured	161.74
U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	110,000.00	U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	110,000.00
U. S. Government securities	147,294.65	U. S. Government securities	147,294.65
Liberty Loan Bonds		Liberty Loan Bonds	
Total bonds securities, etc., other than U. S.	92,039.75	Total bonds securities, etc., other than U. S.	92,039.75
Stocks and bonds	1,400.00	Stocks and bonds	1,400.00
Reserve Bank Stock	1,400.00	Reserve Bank Stock	1,400.00
Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (60 per cent of subscription)	5,100.00	Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (60 per cent of subscription)	5,100.00
U. S. National Bank	11,000.00	U. S. National Bank	11,000.00
Equity in banking house	11,000.00	Equity in banking house	11,000.00
Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	33,000.00	Reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	33,000.00
Cash in vault and net amounts due from National Banks	115,814.08	Cash in vault and net amounts due from National Banks	115,814.08
Exchanges for clearing house	4,938.50	Exchanges for clearing house	4,938.50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,500.00	Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer and due from U. S. Treasurer	5,500.00
Interest earned but not collected—approximately on notes and bills receivable not past due	2,845.49	Interest earned but not collected—approximately on notes and bills receivable not past due	2,845.49
Total	579,618.84	Total	579,618.84
LIABILITIES		DOLLARS	
Capital stock paid in	520,000.00	Capital stock paid in	520,000.00
Surplus fund	50,000.00	Surplus fund	50,000.00
Undivided profits	17,838.06	Undivided profits	17,838.06
Less current expenses	2,464.71	Less current expenses	2,464.71
Interest and taxes paid	15,474.25	Interest and taxes paid	15,474.25
Interest and discount collected or accrued, in advance of maturity, not earned (approximate)	2,801.79	Interest and discount collected or accrued, in advance of maturity, not earned (approximate)	2,801.79
Circulating notes outstanding	105,400.00	Circulating notes outstanding	105,400.00
Certified checks outstanding	3,763.82	Certified checks outstanding	3,763.82
Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)	147.79	Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)	147.79
Individual deposits subject to check	412,568.26	Individual deposits subject to check	412,568.26
Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	8,830.64	Certificates of deposits due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	8,830.64
Dividends unpaid	2.10	Dividends unpaid	2.10
Total	579,618.84	Total	579,618.84

State of Rhode Island, County of Newport, ss.
I, Henry C. Stevens, Jr., Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
H. C. STEVENS, JR., Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of September, 1919.
PACER BRAMAN, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
WILLIAM E. DENNIS, JR., WILLIAM STEVENS, WILLIAM A. SHERMAN, Directors.

THE Newport Gas Light Co offers a limited amount of COKE for Sale

at the following prices

DELIVERED

36 bu. Prepared Coke \$7.50
36 bu. Common Coke 6.50
(An extra charge of 50 cents shall be made for every 36 bushels carried to bins.)

AT WORKS

Prepared Coke, per bu. .20
Common Coke, per bu. .17

Mackenzie & Winslow (INCORPORATED)

Dealers in HAY, STRAW, GRAIN

POULTRY SUPPLIES SALT

Agent for H. C. Anthony's GRASS AND GARDEN SEEDS

Store: 162 BROADWAY Phone 181
Elevator: MARSH ST. Phone 298

Jamestown Agency ALTON F. COGGESHALL Narragansett Ave Phone 20264

W. T. WILSON

EYES EXAMINED GLASSES FITTED

15 YEARS ON MATHEWSON STREET Third Floor

TURK'S HEAD BUILDING Providence - R. I.

Probate Court of the City of Newport, September 11th, 1919.

Estate of Mary Lillian McCormick A COMMUNICATION in writing is made by Mary Lillian McCormick, a minor over the age of fourteen years, daughter of Michael McCormick and Nellie L. McCormick, both of said Newport, informing the Court that she has made choice of Nellie L. McCormick of said Newport as guardian of her person and estate, and requesting the Court to approve said choice, and the same is received and referred to the Twenty-ninth day of September, instant, at ten o'clock A. M., at the Probate Court Room in said Newport for consideration, and it is ordered that notice thereof be published for fourteen days, once a week, in the Newport Mercury.

DUNCAN A. HAZARD Clerk.

GUARDIAN'S NOTICE New Shoreham, R. I., Aug. 16, 1919.

THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Guardian of the person and estate of MYRTLE L. MITCHELL, of said New Shoreham and has given bond according to law.

All persons having claims against said ward are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said Court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

JOHN N. DODGE, Guardian.

NOTABLE SALE AT AUCTION

CEDAR SPRING FARM

MRS. DAVID S. PIER Prospect Ave. Wickford, R. I.

Wednesday, October 8th, 1919 Beginning at 10 a. m.

Will be Sold Without Reserve, 37 head of Cows, (including 4 yearlings), Holstein Bull, Sow and Pigs, 2 Sows due to farrow soon, Boar, 2 Shoats, 9 Sheep, a Buck, 6 Lambs, pair Mules, (extra good workers), about 100 head of Poultry, small flocks of Turkeys, Ducks and Geese.

Team Wagon, Tip Cart, one-horse Lumber Wagon, Manure Spreader, Hay Rake, Hay Tedder, Planet, Jr., Cultivator, (2-rows), Acme Harrow, Corn Planter.

12-h. p. Gasoline Engine, an Ohio Ensilage Cutter, No. 14, small Gasoline Engine and Pump.

Delaval Separator with motor attached (practically new), Milk Bottle Filler.

Lot of Corn on Cob, about 800 ft. Portable Fence, and a general assortment of Plows, Cultivators, Forks, etc. Low Gear for Moving Stock.

THOMAS W. PEIRCE, JAS. T. NOLAN, Auctioneers.

Terms at Time and Place of Sale.

If stormy the sale will take place the next fair day

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF The National Exchange Bank

At Newport, in the State of Rhode Island, at the close of business on June 30, 1919.

RESOURCES		DOLLARS	
1. Loans and discounts including rediscounts, (except those shown in b and c)	512,719.94	2. Overdrafts, secured & unsecured	512,719.94
3. U. S. Bonds (other than Liberty Bonds, but including U. S. certificates of indebtedness)	100,000.00	4. U. S. Bonds deposited to secure circulation (par value)	10,000.00
5. U. S. Bonds and certificates of indebtedness pledged to secure U. S. deposits (par value)	110,000.00	6. Premium on U. S. Bonds	110,000.00
7. Liberty Loan Bonds: a. Liberty Loan Bonds, 3 1/2, 4 and 4 1/2 per cent, unpledged	96,900.00	b. Liberty Loan Bonds, 3 1/2, 4 and 4 1/2 per cent, pledged to secure State or other deposits or bills payable	25,000.00
8. Bonds, Securities, etc., (other than U. S.)	55,800.00	a. Bonds (other than U. S. Bonds) pledged to secure U. S. deposits	122,944.60
9. Securities other than U. S. Bonds (not including stocks) owned unpledged	134,234.60	10. Total bonds, securities, etc., other than U. S.	4,390.00
11. Stock of Federal Reserve Bank (60 per cent subscription)	22,616.00	12. Value of banking house, owned and unencumbered	22,616.00
13. Equity in banking house	1,000.00	14. Furniture and fixtures	81,374.00
15. Lawful reserve with Federal Reserve Bank	118,313.11	16. Cash in vault and net amounts due from national banks	10,511.11
17. Exchanges for clearing house	177,285.83	18. Checks on other banks in the same city or town as reporting bank (other than item 17)	1,140.23
19. Total of items 11, 15, 16, 17, and 18	6,500.00	20. Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer	3,522.94
21. Interest earned but not collected—approximately on Notes and Bills Receivable not past due	2,845.49	Other assets, if any	11,538,403.11
Total	11,538,403.11	Total	11,538,403.11
LIABILITIES		DOLLARS	
24. Capital Stock paid in	520,000.00	25. Surplus fund	50,000.00
26. Undivided profits	33,375.17	27. Less current expenses, interest and taxes paid	5,516.11
28. Interest and discount collected or credited, in advance of maturity and not earned (approximate)	2,801.79	29. Circulating notes outstanding	91,000.00
30. Net amounts due to National Banks	4,540.44	31. Net amounts due to banks, bankers and trust companies (other than included in items 31 or 32)	174,297.44
32. Certified checks outstanding	3,763.82	33. Total of items 32, 33, 34 and 35	186,886.63
34. Demand deposits payable within 30 days	650,420.11	35. Certificates of deposit due in less than 30 days (other than for money borrowed)	47,833.19
36. Individual deposits subject to check	4,013.00	37. Total of demand deposits other than bank deposits (a) subject to Reserve Items 36, 37, 38, 39, 40 and 41	701,793.48
38. Bills payable, with Federal Reserve Bank	25,000.00	Total	11,538,403.11

County of Newport, ss.
I, George H. Proud, Cashier of the above named Bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
GEORGE H. PROUD, Cashier.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 15th day of July, 1919.
PACER BRAMAN, Notary Public.

CORRECT—Attest: EDWARD A. BROWN, JOHN T. HAIRE, FREDERICK B. COGGESHALL, Directors.

OLD BOOKS WANTED

PAY LIBERAL PRICES

For Old Books, Pamphlets, Documents, Manuscripts, Almanacs, Play Bills, etc. And am in Newport once a month for two or three days, to answer calls from people within 20 miles of Newport, having material of this character for sale. If you wish to see me on my next visit, write me.

F. J. WILDER

ANTIQUARIAN BOOKSELLER 44 CORNHILL, Boston, Mass.

TO NEW YORK FALL RIVER LINE

Lv. Long Wh. daily at 9.45 p. m. Ticket Office on the Wharf

NEW ENGLAND STEAMSHIP LINES

COWS FOR SALE!

Four Cows. Just sold their calves. No use for milk. Also two thoroughbred yearling Ayreshires. Will sell low. Call and see them Sunday.

ARTHUR N. PECKHAM, Kingston, R. I.

SHORT LINE

TO PROVIDENCE VIA NEWPORT & PROVIDENCE RAILWAY FARE 64 CENTS

MEN AND WOMEN WANTED to learn Funeral Directing and Embalming. DAY AND EVENING CLASSES TUITION \$50. NATIONAL SCHOOL OF EM. BALMING 103 Aborn Street Providence